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EDGEHILL

THE RURAL PROSPECT



EDGEHILL,

A

POEM.



E D G E H I L

P O R M

EDG E-H I L L,
OR,
THE RURAL PROSPECT
DELINEATED AND MORALIZED.

A

P O E M.
In F O U R B O O K S.

By RICHARD JAGO, A.M.

“ Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
“ Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artes
“ Ingredior, sanctos aufus recludere fontes.”

VIRG.



L O N D O N,
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL.
MDCCLXVII.

E D G E - H I L L
OF
THE RURAL PROSPECT
DEVELOPED AND MORALIZED

" Our Sight is the most perfect, and most delightful of all our Senses.
" It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its
" Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest in Action
" without being tired, or fatiated with its proper Enjoyment."

SPECT. Numb. 411.

On the Pleasures of Imagination.

BY RICHARD JACO A.M.

" Give, major parsus legum, Socrus, collis,
" Magna viam, tibi tot antiqua latus, et aris
" Ingredere, latus, aris, et latus, et aris."

L O N D O N

Printed for J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

M D C C L X V I



T H E

P R E F A C E.

A SMALL Compass will contain all that the Writer has to say in this Place.

THE several different Kinds of Poetry, with the Measure, or Versification more peculiarly adapted to each Sort, have been too fully treated of by others, and are too generally known, to require any Addition from him; and it would ill become him to pretend to illustrate them by any Thing that is here offered to the Public. It will be more allowable for him to say something concerning the *Subject* of the following Poem, as well for the Reader's Ease, and Satisfaction with Regard to the Plan, and Order of it, as to obviate an Objection which may possibly be made to its *Locality*—an Objection which appears to him to be frequently misunderstood, and consequently

frequently liable to be misapplied, or at least carried too far, and therefore, he hopes, not improper to be discuss'd in this prefatory Address.

THE Title is EDGE-HILL ; a Place taken Notice of by all the Topographical Writers, who have had Occasion to mention it, for its extensive, and agreeable Prospect, and further unhappily distinguish'd by being the Scene of the first Battle between the Forces of King CHARLES, and those of the Parliament, under the Command of the *Earl of ESSEX*, in the Year 1642. These two Circumstances of natural Beauty, and historical Importance, coinciding with the Affection of the Writer for his native Country, lying at the Foot of this celebrated Mountain, presented to his Mind a Theme for Poetical Imagery, too pleasing to be resisted by him. His Business therefore was, first to select a Stock of Materials fit for his Purpose, and then to arrange them in the best Order he could. Both these Points he endeavoured to effect, not only by consulting his Eye, but also by considering the Character, Natural History, and other Circumstances of such Places as were most likely to afford Matter for Ornament, or Instruction of this Kind ; forming from the Whole, by an imaginary Line, a Number of distinct Scenes, placed in the most advantageous Light, and corresponding with the different Times of the Day ; each exhibiting an entire Picture,

4

and

and containing its due Proportion of Objects, and Colouring.

IN the Execution of this Design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent Introduction of general Sentiments, and moral Reflections; and to enliven the descriptive Part by Digressions, and Episodes belonging to, or easily deducible from the Subject; divesting himself as much as possible of all Partiality in Matters of a Public Nature, or Concernment; in private ones, following with more Freedom, the Sentiments, and Dictates of his own Mind.

THE *Subject* of the Poem is *local*; but its being so no more determines its real Character, than its not being of the *Epic*, or *Dramatic* Kind, or any thing else to which it has no Pretensions: The Merit, or Entertainment, whatever it be, of a Work of this Nature, not depending, as the Writer conceives, upon its Locality, or Universality, but upon the Plan, and Execution of it. Not that he would be thought to insinuate that all Subjects are alike — all equally pleasing — all equally fruitful of Instruction, or Entertainment; but thus much he may venture to say, that a Subject limited in its Nature may become generally interesting by the Force of good Management; and that another, of a more general, and extensive Kind in itself,

may,

may, notwithstanding, for want of such Management, be very unimportant, and uninteresting.

It would be almost endless, as well as invidious, to illustrate this at large. Two Instances shall suffice, one of a different Kind, the other of a similar one with the Subject of this Work ; but both so happily executed, that the Reader cannot help perceiving in the fullest Manner, that the Pleasure which they afford neither necessarily results from their Subject, nor is confin'd to the Limits of their respective Scene, or Story. The Poems here intended are *Windfor Forest*, and *The Rape of the Lock*. How different would the Effect have been, had the same Subjects fallen into the Hands of an ordinary Genius !

To carry this Matter still higher. The Subjects of the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, are not of so general a Nature as that of the *Georgic*, nor yet *that* so general as the Subject of *Paradise Lost*, which, as Mr. ADDISON, in his excellent Criticism on that divine Poem observes, has this Superiority, amongst many, above other Compositions, that it interests all Mankind in its Event : And yet we may well suppose, if there were any of the human Race not involv'd in the Original Transgression, which it so beautifully describes, or any other Species of rational Beings besides Man, inhabiting this Globe, they would read that

Poem

Poem with extreme Pleasure, as we, who are neither *Grecians*, nor *Trojans*, do those of HOMER and VIRGIL.

THE true Idea therefore of a *local*, or *personal* Composition, so far at least as it implies a Term of Diminution, seems to be, not merely that it has for its Subject something local, or personal, but that it is so merely local, or personal, both in its Circumstances, and Execution, as to be incapable of interesting an indifferent Reader in it.

NOTWITHSTANDING what the Writer has here said to remove, as far as he was able, a Prejudice which he thinks might unjustly lie against the *Subject* of the following Poem, he is very sensible how much the Work itself will stand in Need of the Reader's Candor; of which as he cannot help being desirous, so he does not know how better to solicit it, than in the Words of one, whose Manner having endeavoured to imitate, he hopes he may the more readily be admitted to the Benefit of his Apology.

“ But my native Soil
“ Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.”

PHILIPS'S CYDER.



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ERRATA.

BOOK I.

Page 5. line 59. *for* toilsome *read* painful

Page 24. line 362. *for* Understade *read* Umberflade

BOOK II.

Page 51. line 106. *for* guilefs *read* guiltless

BOOK III.

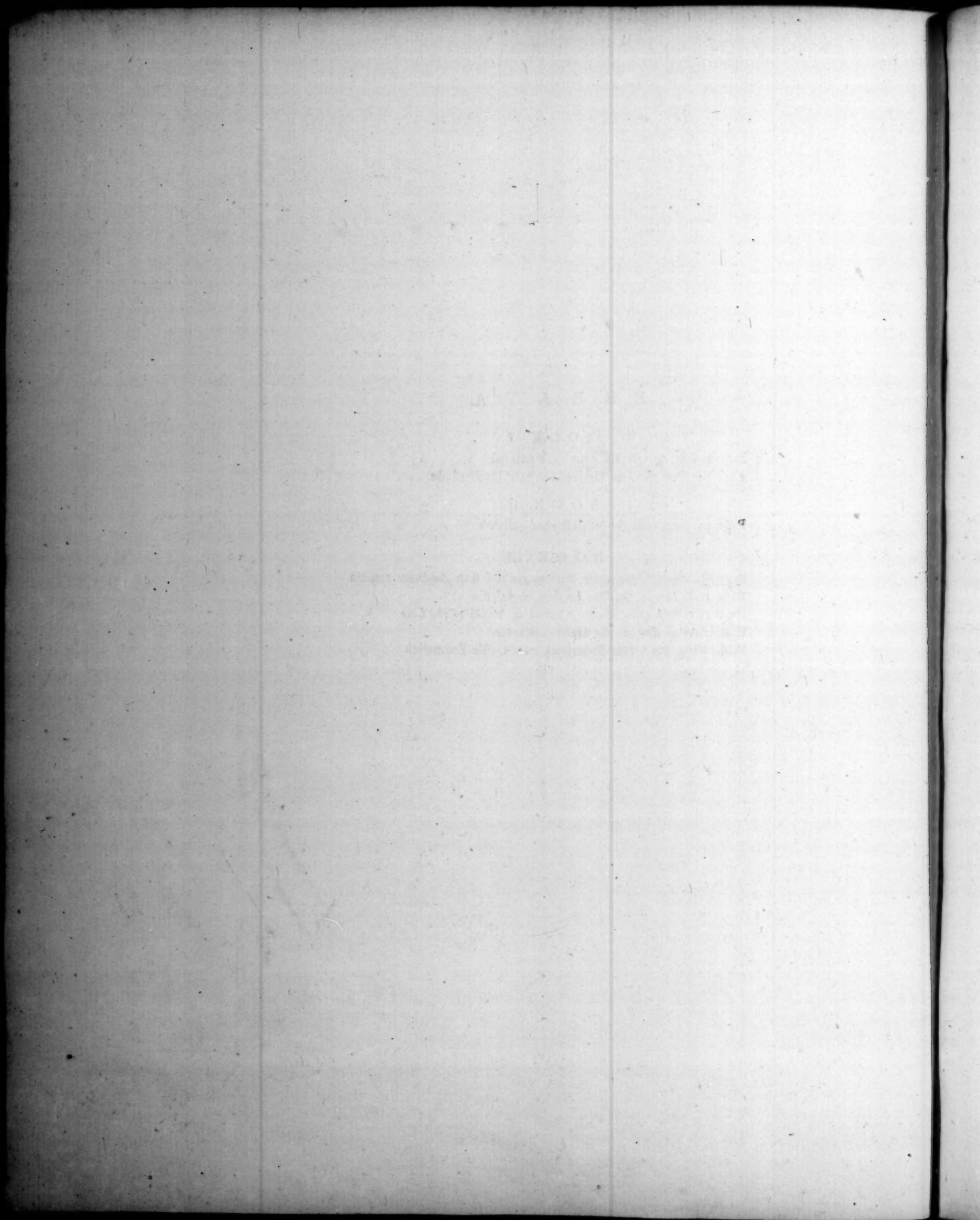
Page 86. *End of Line at the Bottom, for full stop substitute comma*

Page 109. *Line at the Top, for drei read drein*

Page 111. line 486. *Wants a Break in Middle of the Line*

Ibid. Line at Bottom, for brace read trace

Ibid. Notes, for Castle-Bromwich read Castle-Bromwich

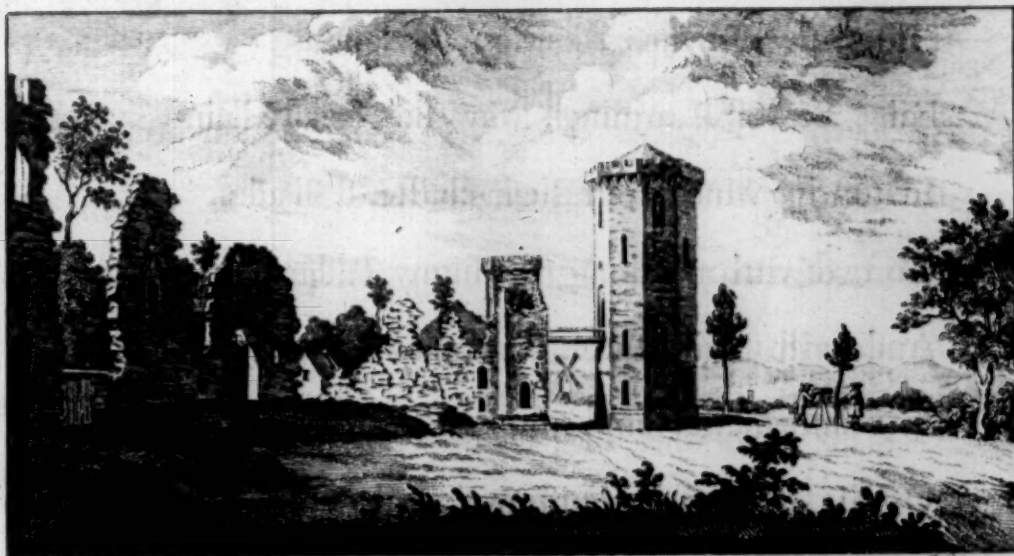


E D G E-H I L L.

B O O K I.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST.

*The Subject propos'd. Address. Ascent to the Hill from
RADWAY. General View. Comparison. Philosophical
Account of the Origin, and Formation of Mountains.
Morning View, comprehending the South-West Part of
the Scene, interspers'd with Elements and Examples of
rural Taste, shewing at the same Time its Connexion with,
and Dependance upon Civil Government, and concluding
with an Historical Episode of the Red-Horse.*



EDGE-HILL.

BOOK I.

Humbly Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

BRITANNIA's rural Charms, and tranquil Scenes,
Far from the circling Ocean, where her Fleets,
Like Guardian Spirits, which round *Paradise*
Perform'd their nightly Watch, majestic ride,

B

I sing ;

I sing; from that fam'd Hill, whose lofty Brow
 Salutes thy Province's contiguous Bounds,
 Fair * Seat of Learning! May the social Claim
 Invite thy Muses from their cloister'd Shades,
 To rove with me along the sunny Ridge,
 And, with their Graces, harmonize the Strain,
 In Numbers not unpleasing to thy Ear,
 O WILLOUGHBY! accustom'd to their Notes!

NOR shall they, for a Time, regret the Loss
 Of their lov'd ISIS, and their CHERWEL's Banks,
 While, from the beauteous Terrace, they explore
 Scenes not less fair than TEMPE's, or their own;
 Where AVON's Silver Stream delighted strays,
 With crooked Path, enlarging as it flows,
 Nor hastes to join SABRINA's prouder Wave.
 Like a tall Rampart! here the Mountain rears

20

* OXFORD.

Its

Its verdant Edge; and, if thy tuneful Maids
 Their Presence deign, shall with PARNASSUS vie.
 Level, and smooth the Track, that leads to thee!
 Its adverse Side a Precipice presents
 Abrupt, and steep! Thanks, MILLER *! to thy Paths,
 That ease our winding Steps! Thanks to the Rill,
 The Banks, the Trees, the Shrubs, th' enraptur'd Sense
 Regaling, or with Fragrance, Shape, or Sound,
 And stilling ev'ry Tumult in the Breast!
 And oft the stately Tow'rs, that overtop
 The rising Wood, and oft the broken Arch,
 Or mould'ring Wall, well taught to counterfeit
 The Waste of Time, to solemn Thought excite,
 And crown with graceful Pomp the shaggy Hill.

So Virtue paints the steep Ascent to Fame:
 So her aerial Residence displays.

* SANDERSON MILLER, Esquire, of RADWAY.

STILL let thy Friendship, which prepar'd the Way,
 Attend, and guide me, as my ravish'd Sight
 O'er the bleak Hill, or shelter'd Valley roves.
 Teach me with just Observance to remark 40
 Their various Charms, their storied Fame record,
 And to the visual join the mental Search.

THE Summit's gain'd ! and, from its airy Height,
 The late-trod Plain looks like an inland Sea,
 View'd from some Promontory's hoary Head,
 With distant Shores environ'd ; not with Face
 Glassy, and uniform, but when its Waves
 Are gently ruffled by the Southern Gale,
 And the tall Masts like waving Forests shew.

SUCH is the Scene ! that, from the terrac'd Hill,
 Whose Sides the *Dryads*, and the *Wood Nymphs* dress
 With rich Embroidery, salutes the Eye,

Ample,

Ample, and various ; Intermixture sweet
 Of Lawns, and Groves, of open, and retir'd.
 Vales, Farms, Towns, Villas, Castles, distant Spires,
 And Hills, on Hills, with ambient Clouds enrob'd,
 In long Succession court the lab'ring Sight,
 Lost in the bright Confusion. Thus the Youth,
 Escap'd from ^{painfull} ~~tedious~~ Drudgery of Words,
 Views the fair Fields of Science wide display'd : 60
 Thus ev'ry Muse his roving Passion claims.
 Awhile, astonish'd at the radiant Forms,
 He stands, then quick to each with Transport turns,
 O'erpower'd, bewilder'd in the pleasing Toil :
 Till some sage MENTOR, whose experienc'd Feet
 Have trod the mazy Path, directs his Way,
 And leads him raptur'd to their bright Abodes.
 Come then, my Friend ! the wand'ring Muse recall,
 And, with thy Counsel, regulate her Flight.

YET, ere the sweet Excursion she begins,
 O! listen, while, from sacred Records drawn,
 My daring Song unfolds the Cause, whence rose
 This various Face of Things—of high, and low—
 Of rough, and smooth. For with its Parent Earth
 Coeval not prevail'd this awful Scene
 Of fractur'd Hills, nor was its new-form'd Shape,
 Like a smooth, polish'd Orb, a Surface plain,
 Wanting the sweet Variety of Change,
 Concave, convex, the deep, and the sublime:
 Nor, from old Ocean's watry Bed, were scoop'd 80
 Its neighb'ring Shores; nor were they now depress'd,
 Now rais'd by sudden Shocks; but fashion'd all
 In perfect Harmony, by Laws divine,
 On passive Matter, at its Birth, impress'd.

WHEN now two Days, as Mortals count their Time!
 Th' ALMIGHTY had employ'd on Man's Abode;

To

To Motion rous'd the dull chaotic Mass,
 And, by his Spirit, pierc'd the dark Abyſs
 With Light Etherial, a Firmament
 Ordaining to divide the liquid Realms,
 On the third Morn of new-created Light,
 Primeval Day ! ere in the Sun's bright Orb
 'Twas yet enshrin'd, He bade the Waters flow
 Down to their Place, and let dry Land appear;
 And it was so. Strait, to their destin'd Bed,
 This Way, and that, th' obedient Waters ran,
 Shaping their downward Courſe, and, as they found
 Reſiſtance various from th' adhesive Soil,
 Of various Denſity, compact, or looſe,
 In their Retreat they ſcoop'd each hollow Dale, 100
 Or Valley, length'ning its embosom'd Maze,
 As further ſtill their humid Train they drew.
 Now firſt was ſeen or Hill, or ſpacious Plain,
 That, like a Sea, ſtretch'd out its level Floor;

And, in the tender Ooze, the subtle Stream
 Fretted its winding Track. So He ordain'd,
 Who form'd the fluid Mass of Atoms small,
 The Principles of Things! who moist from dry,
 From heavy sever'd light, compacting close
 The solid Glebe, by heav'nly Mechanism,
 Stratum on Stratum, in concentric Lines :
 Who spake, and Discord's jarring Tumult ceas'd!
 Who will'd, and Chaos into Order rose!

So was the shapely Sphere, on ev'ry Side,
 With equal Pressure of furrounding Air,
 Begirt, of Sea, and Land harmonious form'd.
 Nor beauteous Cov'ring was with-held, for strait,
 At the divine Command, the verd'rous Grass
 Upsprung unfown, with ev'ry feedful Herb,
 Flow'r, Plant, and Tree pregnant with future Store. 120
 God view'd the whole—Behold! 'twas very good.

But

But Man, ungrateful Man! soon disobey'd,
 And turn'd to deadly ill the good bestow'd.
 The Race accurs'd from Crime to Crime proceed,
 Till Mercy cou'd no more with Justice strive.

THEN Wrath divine unbarr'd Heav'n's watry Gates,
 And loos'd the Fountains of the great Abyfs.
 Again the Waters o'er the Earth prevail'd.
 Hills rear'd their Heads in vain. Full forty Days
 The Flood increas'd, nor, till sev'n Moons had wain'd,
 Appear'd the Mountain-tops. Perish'd all Flesh,
 One Family except! and all the Works
 Of Art were swept into th' oblivious Pool.
 In that dread Time what Change th' avenging Flood
 Might cause in Earth's devoted Fabric, who
 Of mortal Birth can tell? Whether again
 'Twas to its first chaotic Mass reduc'd,
 To be reform'd anew? or, in its Orb,

C

What

What Violence, what Disruptions it endur'd?
 What antient Mountains stood the furious Shock? 140
 What new arose? For doubtless new there are,
 If all not such; strong Proofs exhibiting
 Of later Rise, and their once fluid State,
 By Stranger-Fossils, in their inmost Bed
 Of flinty Rock, or min'ral Strata, found,
 Or Shell marine incorp'rate with themselves:
 All, by some Triumph of the conqu'ring Flood,
 Acknowledging its Reign; nor less the Plains,
 With Surface smooth, or Vale, in Eddies worn,
 Or * Fissure, op'ning, in the delug'd Soil,
 Its rifted Bosom to the scorching Sun
 Attest it, while the stone-clad Fishy Tribes,

* Amongst the many Curiosities with which the Scene of this Poem
 abounds, there is a very remarkable one of this Kind at WELCOMB, near
 STRATFORD UPON AVON, accompanied with other plain Marks of the
 great Event here treated of, which the Writer takes particular Pleasure in
 first pointing out to the curious Naturalist.

Or rocky Fragments, wash'd from broken Hills,

Take up the Tale, and tell it round the Globe.

THEN, at Retreat of the subsiding Flood,

A rougher Scene ! Mountains stupendous rose ;

TAURUS and LIBANUS, and ATLAS feign'd

To prop the Skies ! or that fam'd ALPINE Ridge,

Or APENINE, or snow-brow'd CAUCASUS,

Or ARARAT, on whose emerging Top, 160

First moor'd that precious Barque whose chosen Crew

Again o'erspread Earth's universal Orb.

For now, as at the first, from every Side,

Hasted the Waters to their antient Bounds,

The cavern'd Deep ; perhaps ! from thence ascend,

In secret Tubes, beneath the rooted Hills,

By pow'rful * Circulation, down their Sides

To trickle, in a never-ceasing Round.

* The Reader may see this Hypothesis very ingeniously supported by Mr. CATCOT, in his Essay on the Deluge, from Page 100, to P. 136.

SUCH is the Structure, such the wave-worn Face
 Of Earth's huge Fabric ! beauteous to the Sight,
 And, to the searching Mind, with Wonders stor'd.
 But Beauty marr'd ! Wonders ! which solemn Dread
 Mix with Delight ! and, from Experience past,
 How great th' Almighty's Judgments are, how true !
 Its threaten'd Period with Conviction teach.

Now, while the Sun its Morning Ray directs
 Across the Mountain's Brow, and adverse gilds
 The western Clouds, while the blue Mists retire,
 And, from the Vale, their dewy Mantles raise,
 Revealing all its Charms, ye Nymphs, and Swains ! 180
 (Not to the giddy, thoughtless Crew I call,
 But to the tutor'd, and ingenuous Minds,
 Smit with the Charms of Science, and the Feast
 Of cultivated Taste) O ! come, and view
 The sweetly-varied Scene, and in your Breasts,
 Treasure

Treasure the lovely Image, oft review'd
 With Fancy's Eye, and to th' enlighten'd Sense
 Affording Argument, and Matter fair
 Of moral Import. Come then, haste with me,
 While now 'tis early Morn, along the Skirts
 Of UPTON's * airy Fields, to where yon' Point,
 Projecting hides NORTHAMPTON's antient Seat †,
 Retir'd, and hid amidst surrounding Shades :
 Counting a Length of honourable Years,
 And solid Worth ; while painted BELVIDERES,
 Naked, aloft, and built but to be seen,
 Shrink at the Sun, and totter to the Wind.

So sober Sense oft shuns the Public View,
 In Privacy conceal'd, while the pert Sons
 Of Folly flutter in the Glare of Day. 200

* The Seat of ROBERT CHILD, Esq;

† COMPTON WINYATE, a Seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of NORTH-
 AMPTON, at the Foot of EDGE-HILL.

HENCE, o'er the Plain, where strip'd with Alleys green,
 The ridgy Harvest nods, let me your View,
 Progressive, to another COMPTON * guide,
 For antient Fame, and hospitable State
 Not less renown'd. Lo ! where the funny Hill,
 Broad Plain, or shelving Dale their Pastures spread,
 With shagged Woods, and Groves, and Thickets fring'd !
 From many a subterraneous Reservoir,
 On sidelong Banks reclin'd, the rocky Urns,
 With gurgling Lapfe, their liquid Stores discharge,
 And, with collective Wealth, a beauteous Lake
 Compose, whose Sides, or smooth, or gently swell'd,
 Or rising steep, with many a Line oblique,
 The struggling Wave restrain. Ye Pine-clad Hills !
 Ye shady Groves, and highly-favour'd Lawns,
 That boast the Name of VERNEY's much-lov'd Race !
 Your freshest Robes prepare. Ye stately Walls !

* COMPTON VERNEY, a Scat of the Right Hon. Lord WILLOUGHBY
 DE BROKE.

With happy Auspice rise, and to your Dome
 Paternal greet whom, by paternal Worth,
 No less than lineal Claim, you call your own, 220
 Your WILLLOUGHBY ! Alike for Courts was he,
 Or rural Pleasure form'd ! to this, by Love
 Of studious Ease, and sweet, domestic Bliss,
 By Birth, and Elegance to those allied.
 'The midnight Revel; and the frolic Scene,
 With dang'rous Art, and pageant Pomp disguis'd,
 From these still Shades, him, and his Consort fair,
 Of gentle Manners, join'd with manly Sense,
 Allure in vain : their sympathizing Hearts
 In safer League unite, and, inly blest,
 From Nature's Source draw purer Tides of Joy.

THY smiling Villa's ever open Gate,
 And festive Board, O WALTON * ! who but loves

* The Seat of Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT, Bart. Member of Parliament
 for the County of WARWICK.

To visit oft? Unwilling who can pay
 To thee the votive Strain? For Science here,
 And Candor dwell, prepar'd alike to chear
 The Stranger-Guest, or for the Nation's Weal
 To pour the Stores mature of Wisdom forth,
 In Senatorial Councils often prov'd,
 And, by the public Voice attested long, 240
 Long may it be! with well-deserv'd Applause.
 And see, beneath the Shade of full-grown Elm,
 Or near the Border of the winding Brook,
 Skirting the grassy Lawn, her polish'd Train
 Walks forth to taste the Fragrance of the Grove,
 Woodbine, or Rose, or to the upland Scene
 Of wildly-planted Hill, or trickling Stream
 From the pure Rock, or Moss-lin'd Grottos cool,
 The Naiads humid Cell! protract the Way
 With learned Converse, or ingenuous Song.

Yet

Yet will they not a candid Ear refuse,
Nor slight these Strains, less tuneful than their own!

YOUR Search pursue to CHARLECOTE's * antient Lodge,
And *Gothic* Turrets, picturesque, and light ;
Where AVON's Stream, with many a sportive Turn,
Exhilarates the Meads, and, to his Bed,
HELE's gentle Current woes, by Lucy's Hand,
In ev'ry graceful Ornament attir'd,
And worthier, such, to share his liquid Realms !

NEAR, nor unmindful of th' increasing Flood, 260
On AVON's Bank, for inland Commerce form'd,
STRATFORD her spacious Magazines unfolds,
And hails the freighted Barge from western Shores,
Rich with the Tribute of a thousand Climes ;
By her, in husky Grain, or native Arts,

* The Seat of GEORGE LUCY, Esq;

Wise Industry's blest Produce! well repaid.
 To speed her Wealth, lo! the proud Bridge * extends.
 His num'rous Arches, stately Monument
 Of old Munificence, and pious Love
 Of native Soil! There STOWER exulting pays:
 His tributary Stream, well pleas'd with Wave
 Auxiliary, her pond'rous Stores to waft;
 And boasting, as he flows, of growing Fame,
 And wond'rous Beauties on his Banks display'd—
 Of ALSCOT's † swelling Lawns, and fretted Spires
 Of fairest Model, *Gothic*, or *Chinese* —
 Of EATINGTON's ‡, and TOLTON's || smiling Meads,
 And Groves of various Leaf, and HONINGTON **,

* This Bridge was built in the Reign of K. HENRY VII. at the sole Cost
 and Charge of Sir HUGH CLOPTON, Knt. Lord Mayor of the City of
 LONDON, and a Native of this Place.

† The Seat of JAMES WEST, Esq;

‡ The Seat of the Hon. GEORGE SHIRLEY, Esq;

|| The Seat of Sir HENRY PARKER, Bart.

** The Seat of JOSEPH TOWNSHEND, Esq;

Profuse

Profuse of Charms, and *Attic* Elegance.

Nor fails he to relate, in jocund Mood, 280

How lib'rally the Masters of the Scene

Enlarge his Current, and direct his Course

With winding Grace — and how his crystal Wave

Reflects th' inverted Spires, and pillar'd Domes —

And how the frisking Deer play on his Sides,

Pict'ring their branched Heads, with wanton Sport,

In his clear Face. Pleas'd with the vaunting Tale,

Nor jealous of his Fame, AVON receives

The prattling Stream, and, towards thy nobler Flood,

SABRINA fair, pursues his length'ning Way.

THRICE happy River! on whose fertile Banks

The laughing Daifies, and their Sister-Tribes,

Violets, and Cuckow buds, and Lady-smocks,

With conscious Pride, a brighter Dye disclose,

And tell us SHAKESPEAR'S Hand their Charms improv'd.

HAIL, Prodigy of Nature's genuine Growth!
 Collected in thyself thou stood'st sublime,
 A World of Intellect, and Fancy! Thou,
 Reaching from high to low, with magic Touch,
 Inchar'd'st ev'ry Theme. To thee was shewn 300
 Each Passion's inmost Source, with all the Wiles,
 And dark Meanders of the changeful Heart.
 Thy Pen from Life's warm School its Copies drew,
 The striking Feature, and descriptive Air,
 Comic, or grave, and, by the mimic Scene
 Compell'd, loud Laughter roar'd amain, Grief wept,
 And Terror look'd aghast. Ev'n Royalty,
 Array'd by thee, moves more majestic. Wit
 And Humour flow'd spontaneous from thy Mind,
 As Flow'rs from Earth's green Lap. Thy potent Spells
 From their bright Seats aerial Sprites detain'd,
 Or from their unseen Haunts, and slumb'ring Shades
 The fairy Tribes awak'd, with jocund Step,

The

The circled Green and leafy Hall to tread :
 While, from his dripping Caves, old AVON sent
 His willing Naiads to their harmless Rout.

ALAS ! how languid is the labour'd Song,
 The flow Result of Rules, and tortur'd Sense,
 Compar'd with thine ! thy animated Thought,
 And glowing Phrase ! which Art in vain essays, 320
 And Schools can never teach. Yet, though deny'd
 Thy Pow'rs, by Situation more allied,
 I court the Genius of thy sportive Muse
 On AVON's Bank, her sacred Haunts explore,
 And hear in ev'ry Breeze her charming Notes.

BEYOND these flow'ry Meads, with classic Streams
 Bedew'd, two Sister Rills their Currents join,
 And IKENILD displays his *Roman* pride.

There

There ALCESTER * her antient Honour boasts.
 But fairer Fame, and far more happy Lot
 She boasts, O RAGLEY † in thy courtly Train
 Of HERTFORD's splendid Line ! Lo ! from these Shades,
 Ev'n now his Sov'reign, studious of her Weal,
 Calls him to bear his delegated Rule
 To BRITAIN's Sister Isle. HIBERNIA's Sons
 Applaud the Choice, and hail him to their Shore
 With cordial Gratulation. Him, well-pleas'd
 With more than filial Rev'rence to obey,
 BEAUCHAMP attends. What Son, but wou'd rejoice
 The Deeds of such a Father to record ! 340
 What Father, but were blest in such a Son !
 Nor may the Muse omit with CONWAY's ‡ Name

* So call'd from its Situation on the River ALFENUS, or ALNE, and from its being a *Roman* Station on the IKENILD-STREET.

† A Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of HERTFORD.

‡ The Right Honourable HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY, Esq; one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and Brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of HERTFORD.

To grace her Song. O! might it worthy flow
 Of those her Theme involves! The Cyder-Land,
 In *Georgic* Strains, by her own PHILIPS sung,
 Shou'd boast no brighter Fame, though proudly grac'd
 With loftiest-titled Names—The CECIL Line,
 Or BEAUFORT's, or O CHANDOIS! thine, or his
 In ANNA's Councils high, her fav'rite Peer,
 HARLEY! by me still rev'renc'd in his Race.

SEE, how the pillar'd Isles and stately Dome
 Brighten the Woodland-Shade! while scatter'd Hills,
 Airy, and light, in many a conic Form,
 A Theatre compose, grotesque and wild,
 And, with their shaggy Sides, contract the Vale
 Winding, in straiten'd Circuit, round their Base.
 Beneath their waving Umbrage FLORA spreads
 Her spotted Couch, Primrose, and Hyacinth
 Profuse, with ev'ry simpler Bud that blows

On

On Hill or Dale. Such too thy flow'ry Pride 360
 O HEWEL ! * by thy Master's lib'ral Hand
 Advanc'd to rural Fame ! Such ~~UMBERS~~^LADE ! †
 In the sweet Contest join'd ! with livelier Charms
 Intent t' illumine ARDEN's ‡ leafy Gloom !

WHAT happy Lot your chearful Walks attends !
 By no scant Bound'ry, nor obstructing Fence,
 Immur'd, or circumscrib'd ; but spread at large
 In open Day : Save what to cool Recess
 Is destin'd voluntary, not constrain'd
 By sad Necessity, and casual State
 Of sickly Peace ! Such as the moated Hall,
 With close Circumference of watry Guard,
 And penfile Bridge portends ! or, rear'd aloft,

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of PLYMOUTH.

† The Seat of the Right Honourable Lord ARCHER.

‡ The Forest, or Wood-land Part of WARWICKSHIRE.

And inaccessible the massy Tow'rs,
 And narrow Circuit of embattled Walls,
 Rais'd on the Mountain-Precipice ! Such thine
 O BEAUDESERT ! * old MONTFORT's lofty Seat !
 Haunt of my youthful Steps ! where I was wont 380
 To range, chaunting my rude Notes to the Wind,
 While SOMERVILE disdain'd not to regard
 With candid Ear, and regulate the Strain.

SUCH was the Genius of the *Gothic* Age,
 And NORMAN Policy ! Such the Retreats
 Of BRITAIN's antient Nobles ! less intent
 On rural Beauty, and sweet Patronage
 Of gentle Arts, than studious to restrain,
 With servile Awe, Barbarian Multitudes ;
 Or, with confed'rate Force, the regal Pow'r
 Proudly controul. Hence they, their vassal Troops

* So called, from its pleasant rural Situation.

Assembling, now the Fate of Empire plann'd :
 Now o'er defenceless Tribes, with wanton Rage,
 Tyrannic rul'd ; and, in their castled Halls
 Secure, with wild Excess their Revels kept.

MEAN while their toiling Vassals, wretched Race !
 With fruitless Tears, a much-lov'd Daughter some
 Of fatal Beauty, some a captive Son,
 Sole Solace of their feeble Age ! bewail,
 Seduc'd by Flatt'ry, or by Force compell'd
 To these abhor'd Abodes ! Hence frequent * Wars,
 In BRITISH Annals fam'd ! Hence dreadful Tales
 Of Giants huge, grievous to mortal Sight !
 Their uncouth Form with inward Lineaments
 More monstrous join'd ! Hence fabling Poets feign'd
 Th' enchanted Castle, and its curst Train
 Of Goblins, Furies, and Chimeras dire !

* Call'd the Barons Wars.

Hence

Hence gen'rous Minds, with Indignation fir'd
 At such transcendant Wrongs, and bold Redress
 Conspiring, Title of puissant Knights
 Obtain'd, on perilous Atchievements bent,
 Subduing Monsters, and dissolving Spells.

THUS, from the rural Landscape, learn to know
 The various Characters of Time and Place.
 To hail, from open Scenes, and cultur'd Fields,
 Fair Liberty, and Freedom's gen'rous Reign,
 With guardian Laws, and polish'd Arts adorn'd.
 While the Portcullis huge, or moated Fence
 The sad Reverse of savage Times betray — 420
 Distrust, Barbarity, and Gothic Rule.

Wou'd ye, with faultless Judgment, learn to plan
 The rural Seat? To copy, as ye rove,
 The well-form'd Picture, and correct Design?
 First shun the false Extremes of high, and low.

With watry Vapours this your fretted Walls
 Will soon deface ; and that, with rough Affault,
 And frequent Tempest shake your tott'ring Roof.
 Me most the gentle Eminence delights
 Of healthy Champain, to the sunny South
 Fair-op'ning, and with Woods, and circling Hills,
 Nor too remote, nor, with too close Embrace,
 Stopping the buxom Air, behind enclos'd.
 But if your Lot hath fall'n in Fields less fair,
 Consult their Genius, and, with due Regard
 To Nature's clear Directions, shape your Plan.
 The Site too lofty shelter, and the low
 With sunny Lawns, and open Areas chear.
 The marish drein, and, with capacious Urns,
 And well-conducted Streams refresh the dry.
 So shall your Lawns with healthful Verdure smile,
 While others, sick'ning at the sultry Blaze,
 A rustet Wild display, or the rank Blade,

440

And

And matted Tufts the careless Owner shame.
 Seek not, with fruitless Cost, the level Plain
 To raise aloft, nor sink the rising Hill.
 Each has its Charms tho' diff'rent, each in Kind
 Improve, not alter. Art with Art conceal.
 Let no strait terrac'd Lines your Slopes deform:
 No barb'rous Walls restrain the bounded Sight.
 With better Skill your chaste Designs display ;
 And to the distant Fields the closer Scene
 Connect. The spacious Lawn with scatter'd Trees
 Irregular, in beauteous Negligence,
 Clothe bountiful. Your unimprison'd Eye,
 With pleasing Freedom, thro' the lofty Maze
 Shall rove, and find no dull Satiety.
 The winding Stream with stiffen'd Line avoid
 To torture, nor prefer the long Canal,
 Or labour'd Fount to Nature's easy Flow,
 And artless Fall. Your grav'llly winding Paths

Now

Now to the fresh'ning Breeze, or sunny Gleam
 Directed, now with high embow'ring Trees,
 Or fragrant Shrubs conceal'd, with frequent Seat,
 And rural Structure deck. Their pleasing Form
 To Fancy's Eye suggests Inhabitants
 Of more than mortal Make, and their cool Shade,
 And friendly Shelter to Refreshment sweet,
 And wholesome Meditation shall invite.

To ev'ry Structure give its proper Site.
 Nor, on the dreary Heath, the gay Alcove,
 Nor the lone Hermit's Cell, or mournful Urn
 Build on the sprightly Lawn. The grassy Slope
 And shelter'd Border for the cool *Arcade*,
 Or *Tuscan* Porch reserve. To the chaste Dome,
 And fair Rotunda give the swelling Mount
 Of freshest Green. If to the *Gothic* Scene
 Your Taste incline, in the well-water'd Vale,
 With lofty Pines embrown'd, the mimic Fane,

And

And mould'ring Abbey's fretted Windows place. 480
 The craggy Rock, or precipitious Hill,
 Shall well become the Castle's massy Walls.
 In royal Villas the *Palladian* Arch,
 And *Grecian* Portico, with Dignity,
 Their Pride display : Ill suits their lofty Rank
 The simpler Scene. If chance Historic Deeds
 Your Fields distinguish, count them doubly fair,
 And studious aid, with monumental Stone,
 And faithful Comment, Fancy's fond Review.

Now other Hills, with other Wonders stor'd,
 Invite the Search. In vain ! unless the Muse
 The Landscape order. Nor will she decline
 The pleasing Task. For not to her 'tis hard
 To soar above the Mountain's airy Height,
 With tow'ring Pinions, or, with gentler Wing,
 T' explore the cool Recesses of the Vale.

Her piercing Eye extends beyond the Reach
 Of optic Tube levell'd, by midnight Sage,
 At the Moon's Disk, or other distant Suns,
 And planetary Worlds beyond the Orb
 Of SATURN. Nor can intervening Rocks
 Impede her Search. Alike the sylvan Gloom,
 Or Earth's profoundest Caverns she pervades,
 And, to her fav'rite Sons, makes visible
 All that may grace, or dignifie her Song,
 Howe'er envelop'd from their mortal Ken.

So URIEL, winged Regent of the Sun!
 Upon its Evening-Beam to *Paradise*
 Came gliding down; so, on its sloping Ray,
 To his bright Charge return'd. So th' heav'nly Guest,
 From ADAM's Eyes the carnal Film remov'd,
 On EDEN's Hill, and purg'd his visual Nerve
 To see Things yet unform'd, and future Deeds.

Lo! where the Southern Hill, with winding Course,
 Bends tow'rd the West, and, from his airy Seat,
 Views four fair Provinces in Union join'd
 Beneath his Feet, conspicuous rais'd, and rude,
 A massy Pillar rears its shapeless Head.
 Behind, nor distant far, in circl'ar Form,
 Others in Stature less, an Area smooth 520
 Inclose, like that on * SARUM's antient Plain.
 And some of middle Rank apart are seen :
 Distinguish'd those! by courtly Character
 Of Knights, while that the regal † Title bears.
 What now the Circle drear, and stiffen'd Mass
 Compose, like us, were animated Forms,
 With vital Warmth, and Sense, and Thought endued ;
 A Band of Warriors tall ! in martial Drefs,

* STONE-HENGE.

† Call'd the KING's-STONE, or KONING-STONE.

And military Pomp array'd! by Spells,
And Necromantic Art transform'd to Stone.

So vulgar Fame. But Clerks, in antique Lore
Profoundly skill'd, far other Story tell:
And, in its mystic Form, Temple, or Court
Espie, to fabled Gods, or throned Kings
Devote; or Fabric monumental, rais'd
By *Saxon* Hands, or by that *Danish* Chief
ROLLO! * the Builder in the Name imply'd.

YET to the Westward turn your lesson'd Eye:
There, from the Vale, BRAILS lifts his heavy Sides,
And ILLMINGTON, and CAMPDEN's hoary Hills, 540
(By LYTTTELTON's sweet Complaint, and thy Abode
His matchless LUCIA! to the Muse endear'd)
Impress new Grandeur on the spreading Scene,

* Call'd ROLL-RICH-STONES.

With

With Champain Fields, broad Plain, and covert Vale
 Diversified : By CERES some adorn'd
 With rich Luxuriance of golden Grain,
 And some in FLORA's Liv'ry gaily dight,
 And some with Sylvan Honours graceful crown'd.
 Witness the lofty Shades, which close embow'r
 The friendly Roof of SHELDON's * goodly Manse !
 Witness the sloping Lawns of IDLICOT ! †
 And HONINGTON's irriguous Meads ! Some wind
 Meand'ring round the Hills disjoin'd, remote,
 Giving full License to their sportive Range :
 While distant, but distinct, his *Alpine* Ridge
 MALVERN erects indented, bold, sublime,
 And, with his solemn Bound'ry, shuts the Scene.

* WESTON, the Seat of WILLIAM SHELDON, Esq;

† The Seat of the late Baron LEGGE.

STILL are the Praises of the RED-HORSE VALE
 Unfung ; as oft it happens to the Mind
 Intent on distant Themes, while what's more near, 560
 And nearer, more important, 'scapes its Note.

FROM yonder far-known Hill, where the thin Sward
 But ill conceals the ruddy Glebe, a Form
 On the bare Soil portray'd, like that fam'd Steed,
 Which, in its Womb, bore fatal Births to TROY,
 O'erlooks the Vale. Ye *plastic* Doctors, say !
 Whence rose the strange Phænomenon ? The Sport
 Of Nature in some playful Mood ? Or Trait
 By the red Lightning casually drawn ?
 Or did some Constellation, since retir'd,
 With fervid Rays, stamp the gross Signature,
 Resemblance of itself ? Or say, did he
 Hight PEGASUS here lay his burning Sides,
 With closed Wing ? Or some huge POLYPHEME

Brand with his red-hot Seal the finged Grass,
 And mark his Bound'ry with the fest'ring Scar,
 By genial Suns, and balmy Dews unheal'd?
 Who shall the secret Cause investigate,
 From vulgar Minds conceal'd, and in your Ears;
 With rare Delight, the wond'rous Tale disclose? 580

IF your ingenuous Minds, to false Conceit,
 And learned Jargon of unmeaning Sounds,
 Simplicity and artless Truth prefer,
 Hear what the Muse from faithful Annals sings.

BRITANNIA'S Sons, tho' now for Arts renown'd,
 A rude, unpolish'd Race of Ancestors
 Acknowledge; like those naked *Indian* Tribes,
 Which first COLUMBUS on the *Atlantic* Isles
 Descried. Like theirs too our Forefather's Fate,
 To yield to conquering Arms! Imperial ROME

Was:

Was then to BRITAIN'S Isle, what BRITAIN is
To these, and thro' the Land her Trophies rear'd.

BUT haughty ROME, her antient Virtue flown,
Stoop'd to *Barbarian* Force, and ALARIC,
O'er her proud Walls, with *Gothic* Arms prevail'd:
Those Walls, which erst the *Punic* Force defied,
By HANNIBAL's experienc'd Valour led.
In those degenerate Days, her legion'd Bands,
From other Coasts recall'd, to guard her own,
Th' exhausted *Britons* left an easy Prey 600
To new Invaders. From their bleak Abodes,
The *Scots* and *Picts*, in pow'rful League combin'd,
Burst like a Tempest o'er their fenceless Bounds.
Pale Fear, and wild Dismay the *Britons* seize,
To Rocks, and Fens impure, they wing their Flight,
Or yield a cheap-bought Victory to the Foe.
ÆTIUS, thrice Consul they invoke in vain.

ROME's Force entire scarce stems the boist'rous Tide,
 Which wastes her Realms, and shakes her tott'ring State.
 What can they do? where find Relief, who seek
 Relief in Servitude, yet seek in vain?
 Desp'rate, and meditating wild Revenge,
 Their frantic Looks they turn to BELGIA's Coast,
 The *Saxon's* new Abode: A martial Race
 From *Cimbrian Chersonese*! To them they speed
 Their suppliant Embassy. The *Saxons* hear
 With secret Joy, and grant their fatal Suit.
 Two Chiefs, the Sons of old WITIGISIL,
 In Valour tried, to BRITAIN's wretched Shore
 The wish'd-for Succours lead. Jocund they come, 620
 And soon revenge her on her Northern Foes.
 Revenge too-dearly bought! These courted Guests
 Give them short Space for Joy. An envious Eye
 On their fair Fields they cast, (for feeble Hands
 Alas! too fair) and seize them for their own.

AND

AND now again the conquer'd Isle assumes
 Another Form; thro' all her Heptarchies,
 Sev'n regal States! the Mark of her new Lords
 Frequent exhibiting—or massy Stone
 With Figures quaint inscrib'd—or Rampart green—
 Or Dyke by * WODEN, or the † *Mercian* King,
 Vast Bound'ry! made—or thine, O ‡ ASHBURY!
 And || TYSOE! thy Renown, the pictur'd Horse!
 Carv'd on the yielding Turf—th' armorial Sign
 On HENGIST's Standard blazon'd erst, as now
 On thine, accomplish'd BRUNSWICK! BRITAIN's Pride!
 And, with her Lyon match'd, for martial Fame,

* WANSDYKE, or WODENS DYKE, a Boundary of the Kingdom of the
West Saxons, in WILTSHIRE.

† OFFA, from whom the Boundary between the Kingdom of the
Mercians, and the *Britons* in WALES, took its Name.

‡ ASHBURY in BERKSHIRE, near which is the Figure of a Horse cut on
 the Side of a Hill in whitish Earth, which gives Name to the neighbouring
 Valley.

|| The Figure of the Red Horse, here described, is in the Parish of
 TYSOE.

And

And far-extended Empire, ROME's fam'd Bird
 Outrivalling. They, studious to preserve
 The fav'rite Form, their vassal Tenants bind
 Its fading Figure yearly to renew,
 And to the neighb'ring * Vale impart its Name.

640

* Call'd, from this Figure, THE VALE OF RED-HORSE.

G

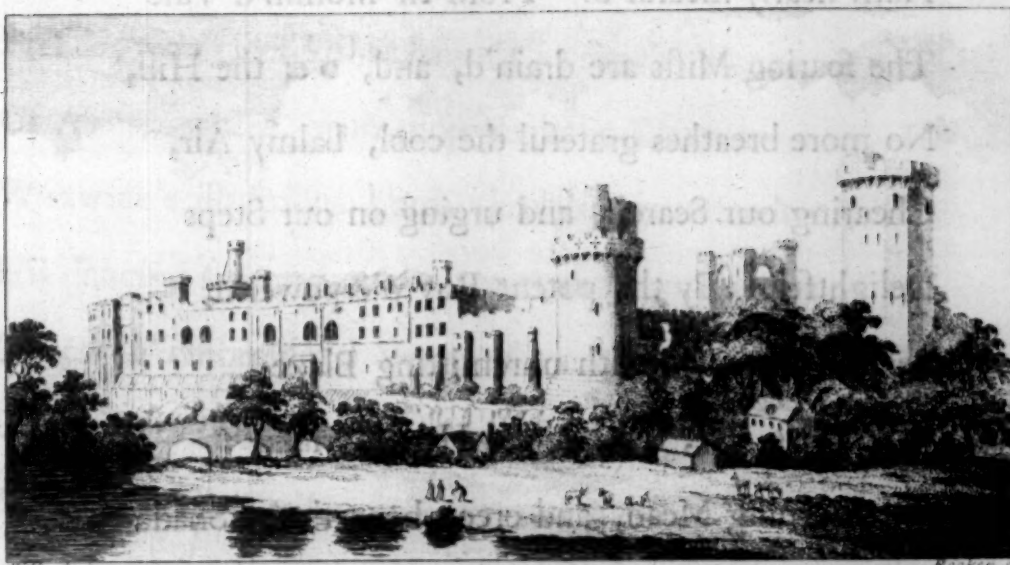
EDGE-

E D G E-H I L L.

B O O K II.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE SECOND.

*Noon. The Mid-Scene from the Castle on RATLEY-HILL.
More particular Account of the several Parts of this Scene,
and of whatever is most remarkable in it. WARWICK.
Its Antiquity. Historical Account of the Earls of
WARWICK. Story of GUY. GUY'S-CLIFFE. KENEL-
WORTH. Its Castle. History of it. BALSAL. WROXAL.
COVENTRY. Its Environs. Manufactures. Story of
GODIVA. Peroration.*



EDGEHILL.

BOOK II.

Humbly Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL OF WARWICK.

THE Sun, whose Eastern Ray scarce 'gan appear
 Above the Mountain's Top, while up the Slope,
 With winding Step, we climb'd, now wide displays
 His radiant Orb, and half his daily Stage

Hath

Hath nearly measur'd. From th' illumin'd Vale
 The soaring Mists are drain'd, and, o'er the Hill,
 No more breathes grateful the cool, balmy Air,
 Chearing our Search, and urging on our Steps
 Delightful. By the potent Ray o'erpower'd,
 Beaming intense, with unremitting Blaze
 Oppressive, see, the languid Herds forsake
 The burning Mead, and creep beneath the Shade
 Of spreading Tree, or shelt'ring Hedge-row tall:
 Or, in the mant'ling Pool, rude Reservoir!
 Of wintry Rains, and the flow, thrifty Spring,
 Cool their parch'd Limbs, and lave their panting Sides.

LET us too seek the Shade. Yon' airy Dome,
 Beneath whose lofty Battlements we found

A covert Passage to these sultry Realms,
 Invites our drooping Strength, and well befriends
 The pleasing Comment on fair Nature's Book,
 In sumptuous Volume, open'd to our View.

YE sportive Nymphs ! that o'er the rural Scene
 Preside, you chief ! that haunt the flow'ry Banks
 Of AVON, where, with more majestic Wave,
 WARWICK'S illustrious Lord, thro' the gay Meads
 His dancing Current guides, or round the Lawn
 Directs th' embroider'd Verge of various Dyes,
 O ! teach me all her Graces to unfold,
 And, with her Praises, join his rival Fame.

'Tis well ! Here shelter'd from the scorching Heat,
 At large we view the subject Vale sublime,
 And unimpeded. Hence its Limits trace
 Stretching, in wanton Bound'ry, from the Foot
 Of this green Mountain, far as human Ken
 Can reach, a Theatre immense ! enrich'd
 With Ornaments of sweet Variety,
 By Nature's Pencil drawn — the level Meads,
 A verdant Floor ! with brightest Gems inlaid,

And

And richly-painted Flow'rs—the tillag'd Plain, 40
 Wide-waving to the Sun a rival Blaze
 Of Gold, best Source of Wealth!—the prouder Hills,
 With Outline fair, in naked Pomp display'd,
 Round, oblong, angular; and others crown'd
 With graceful Foliage. Over all her Horn
 Fair Plenty pours, and Cultivation spreads
 Her height'ning Lustre. See, beneath her Touch,
 The smiling Harvests rise, with bending Line,
 And wavy Ridge, along the dappled Glebe
 Stretching their lengthen'd Beds. Her careful Hand
 Piles up the yellow Grain, or rustling Hay
 Aduft for Wintry Store—the long-ridg'd Mow,
 Or shapely Pyramid, with conic Roof,
 Dressing the Landscape. She the thick-wove Fence
 Nurfs, and adds, with Care, the Hedge-row Elm.
 Around her Farms and Villages, she plans
 The rural Garden, yielding wholesome Food

Of

Of simple Viands, and the fragrant Herb
 Medicinal. The well-rang'd Orchard now
 She orders, or the shelt'ring Clump, or Tuft. 60
 Of hardy Trees, the wintry Storms to curb,
 Or guard the snug Retreat of Village-Swain,
 With Health, and Plenty crown'd. Fair Science next,
 Her Offspring ! adds Towns, Cities, vaulted Domes,
 And splendid Palaces, and Chafes large,
 With Lake, and planted Grove. Hence WARWICK, fair
 With rising Buildings, COVENTRY's tall Spires,
 And KENELWORTH ! Thy stately Castle rose,
 Which still, in Ruin, strikes th' admiring Eye.
 Around the beauteous Landscape, bold and fair,
 (Fit Ornament for Nature's finish'd Scene)
 His Arch magnificent th' Horizon bends.

Now yet again, with accurate Survey,
 The level Plain, Hills rising various, Woods,
 And Meadows green, the simple Cot, and Towns,

H

Nurs'ries

Nurs'ries of Arts, and Commerce ! WARWICK, fair
 With rising Buildings, COVENTRY's tall Spires,
 Magnificent in Ruin KENELWORTH !
 And still more distant Scenes, with Legends strange,
 And smoaky Arts, taught in the dusky Schools 80
 Of TUBAL's Sons, attentive let us scan,
 And all their Charms, and Mysteries explore.

FIRST view, but cautious, the vast Precipice ;
 Left, startled at the giddy Height, thy Sense
 Swimming forsake thee, and thy trembling Limbs,
 Unnerv'd, and fault'ring, threaten dang'rous Lapse.
 Along th' indented Bank, the Forest-Tribes,
 The thin-leav'd Ash, dark Oak, and glossy Beech,
 Of polish'd Rind, their branching Boughs extend,
 With blended Tints, and amicable Strife,
 Forming a checker'd Shade. Below, the Lawns,
 With spacious Sweep, and wild Declivity,
 To yellow Plains their sloping Verdure join.

THERE,

THERE, white with Flocks, and, in her num'rous Herds
 Exulting, CHADSUNT's * Pastures, large, and fair
 Salute the Sight, and witness to the Fame
 Of LICHFIELD's mitred Saint †. The furzy Heaths
 Succeed ; close Refuge of the tim'rous Hare,
 Or prowling Fox, but Refuge insecure !
 From their dark Covert oft the Hunter-Train
 Rouse them unwilling, and, o'er Hill, and Dale,
 With wild, tumultuous Joy, their Steps pursue.
 Just Vengeance on the midnight Thief ! and Life
 With Life aton'd ! But that poor, trembling Wretch !
 ' Who doubts if now she lives,' what hath she done ;
 Guileless of Blood, and impotent of Wrong ?
 How num'rous, how insatiate yet her Foes !
 Ev'n in these Thickets, where she vainly fought
 A safe Retreat from Man's unfeeling Race,

* The Seat of JAMES NEWSAM CRAGGS, Esq;

† ST. CHADD.

The busy Hound, to Blood, and Slaughter train'd,
 Snuffs her sweet Vapour, and, to murth'rous Rage,
 By mad'ning Sounds impell'd, in her close Seat,
 With Fury tears her, and her Corse devours :
 Or scares her o'er the Fields, and, by the Scent,
 With keen Desire of reeking Gore inflam'd,
 Loud-bellowing tortures her with deathful Cries,
 Nor more secure her *Path* ! Man even there,
 Watching, with foul Intent, her secret Haunts,
 Plants Instruments of Death, and round her Neck
 The fatal Snare entwines. Thus Innocence, 120
 In human Things, by wily Fraud ensnar'd,
 Oft helpless falls, while the bold Plund'rer 'scapes.
 Next the wide Champain, and the cheerful Downs
 Claim Notice ; chiefly thine, O CHESTERTON ! *
 Pre-eminent. Nor 'scape the roving Eye

* A Seat of the Right Honourable Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE,
 so called from its being a *Roman* Station on the *Foss-Way*.

Thy solemn Wood, and *Roman Vestiges*,
 Encampment green, or military Road !
 Amusive to the grave, historic Mind.
 Thee * TACHBROKE joins with venerable Shade.
 Nor distant far, in *Saxon Annals* fam'd,
 The rural † Court of OFFA, *Mercian King* !
 Where, sever'd from its Trunk, low lies the Head
 Of brave FERMUNDUS, slain by coward Hands,
 As on the Turf supine in Sleep he lay,
 Nor wist it Sleep from which to wake no more !

Now WARWICK claims the promis'd Lay, supreme
 In this her midland Realm ! Precedence due,
 And long maintain'd ! For her kind Nature rais'd,
 The rocky Hill, a gentle Eminence,
 For Health and Pleasure form'd ! where her gay Tribes 140

* A Seat of Sir WALTER BAGOT, Bart.

† OFFCHURCH, the Seat of WHITWICK KNIGHTLEY, Esq;

Indulge the social Walk ; once gloomy * Haunt
Of solitary Monks ! now beauteous Seat
Of rural Elegance ! around whose Skirts
Parks, Meadows, Groves, their mingled Graces join,
And AVON pours his tributary Urn.

ON Her contending Kings their Bounty shed,
And call'd the favour'd City by their † Names.
Her Worth the † Romans publish'd, when to her
Their Legions they consign'd. Her || ETHELFLEDE,
With royal Grace, and large Munificence,
Timely reliev'd, when barb'rous, Pagan Foes
Had raz'd her goodly Streets. A Monarch's Care

* The Priory ; now the Seat of MATTHEW WISE, Esq;

† Called CAER-LEON from GUTHLEON, or KIMBELINE, also CAER-GWAYR, or CAER-GUARIC, from GWAYR, the Names of two British Kings. Its present Name is said to be derived from the Saxon King

‡ It was the Præsidium of the Romans.

|| She rebuilt it when it had been destroyed by the Danes.

Those

Those * Walls, to youthful Learning sacred ! rais'd,
 These †, an Asylum to declining Age !
 A LEICESTER'S Love proclaim. Nor be unsung
 The goodly Train of Chiefs, by her own Name
 Distinguish'd, and, by Deeds of fair Renown,
 Gracing the much-lov'd Title ! ARTHGAL ‡ first,
 And brave MORVIDUS, antient Heroes ! fam'd
 In *British* Annals. Fair FELICIA's Sire, 160
 ROHAND, a *Saxon* Thane ! and, with her join'd
 In wedded Love, He, of puissant Fame,
 Immortal GUY ! who, near WINTONIA's Walls,
 With that foul Paynim Monster, COLEBRAND hight !
 For a long Summer's Day sole Fight maintain'd.
 What, tho' the Blaze of his huge brandish'd Sword,

* The Free-School.

† The Hospital.

‡ The first Earl of WARWICK, and one of the Knights of King ARTHUR's round Table.

Like a fierce Comet, **ATHELSTAN**'s pale Knights
 Dismay'd ! At thee in vain his horrid Blade,
 Or massy Club he rear'd. Thy watchful Eye
 The Stroke eluded, or thy guardian Shield
 Harmless receiv'd ; while on his galled Limbs
 Swift fell thy rapid Blows, till his tir'd Arm
 Let drop the pond'rous Weapon, and himself
 Prostrate, to thy keen Sword his grisly Head
 Reluctant yielded. Wild Amazement seiz'd
 The *Danish* Host, like the proud *Philistines*
 Their Champion slain. Thee, with tumultuous Joy,
 Thy native Bands salute. Thee **ATHELSTAN**
 Hails his Deliverer, and meditates
 With Honours high to recompence. In vain !
 While thou, intent in holy Privacy
 Life's precious Eve to spend, seek'st other Meed,
 Than Earthly Kings can give. Yet shall the Muse
 Thy Deed record, and on her Patriot List

Enrol thy Name, tho', of the *Saxon* Race,
 She many a Warrior bold, and hardy Chief
 Omit to celebrate. Another Line,
 Grac'd with the splendid Title, now appears,
 HENRY of NEWBURGH *, and his *Norman* Train!
 To thee, lov'd Place! by charitable Deeds,
 And pious Gifts endear'd. The BEAUCHAMPS too
 Thou claim'st, for Arms, and courtly Manners fam'd!
 Him † chief, whom three Imperial HENRYS crown'd
 With envied Honours. Mirror fair was he
 Of Valour, and of Knightly Feats atchiev'd
 In Tilt, and Tournament. Thee ‡ NEVIL boasts,
 Proud SALISBURY's Son! himself not less renown'd

* HENRY de NOVO BURGO, the first *Norman* Earl, founded the Priory at WARWICK, and ROGER his Son built and endowed the Church of ST. MARY.

† RICHARD Earl of WARWICK in the Reigns of King HENRY IV. V. and VI. was Governor of CALAIS, and Lieutenant General of FRANCE. He founded the Lady's Chapel, and lies interred there under a very magnificent Monument.

‡ Call'd MAKE-KING. He was kill'd at the Battle of BARNET.

For bold Exploits, when, with intestine War
 Oppress'd, the bleeding Realm her Weakness mourn'd,
 And half her Nobles in the Contest slain 200
 Of YORK and LANCASTER: NEVIL to both
 Sworn faithful, faithless found ! to HENRY now,
 And now to EDWARD join'd his potent Arms.
 Now both to BRITAIN's sov'reign Empire rais'd,
 Now from their Summit pluck'd; till, with strange Deeds,
 His Fortunes wearying, in the fatal Strife,
 By EDWARD's conqu'ring Arms at length he fell.
 Next * CLARENCE, of the royal Line, succeeds,
 To dignifie the List: And † EDWARD, last
 Of the PLANTAGENETS ! both sacrific'd
 To curs'd Ambition: by a Brother that,
 And this by crafty RICHMOND. DUDLEY ‡ then

* He married the Earl of WARWICK's Daughter, and was put to Death by his Brother EDWARD IV.

† Beheaded in the *Tower* by HENRY VII. under a Pretence of favouring the Escape of PETER WARBECK.

‡ Made Earl of WARWICK by EDWARD VI. and afterwards Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.

From

From EDWARD's Hand the bright Distinction gain'd.
 He still aspiring, and on boundless Rule
 Intent, to MARY paid his forfeit Head.
 Lamented in his Race ! lamented most
 In thee, fair * GREY ! too fatally allied
 To him, and Royalty ! To † RICH's Line
 The lofty Style was then transferr'd : to thine,
 O ‡ GREVILLE ! last. Late may it there remain ! 220
 With Promise fair, as now, (more fair what Heart
 Parental craves ?) of long, transmissive Worth,
 Proud WARWICK's Name, with growing Fame, to grace,
 And crown, with lasting Joy, her castled Hill.

HAIL, stately Pile ; fit Mansion for the Great !
 Worthy thy noble Master ! Worthy || him,

* Lady JANE GREY, married to a Son of the Earl of WARWICK.

† ROBERT Lord RICH, created Earl of WARWICK by JAMES I.

‡ GREVILLE Lord BROOK, first created Earl BROOK of WARWICK-CASTLE, and afterwards Earl of WARWICK by GEORGE II.

|| Sir FOUKE GREVILLE, made Baron BROOK of BEAUCAMP's-COURT, by JAMES I. had the Castle of WARWICK, then in a ruinous Condition,
 granted

To BEAUCHAMP's gallant Race allied ! the Friend
 Of gentle SIDNEY ! to whose long Desert,
 In royal Councils prov'd, his Sov'reign's Gift
 Consign'd the lofty Structure : Worthy he !
 The lofty Structure's Splendor to restore.

Nor less intent who now, by lineal Right,
 His Place sustains, with Reparations bold,
 And well-attemper'd Dignity to grace
 Th' embattled Walls. Nor spares his gen'rous Mind
 The Cost of rural Work, Plantation large,
 Forest, or fragrant Shrub ; or shelter'd Walks,
 Or ample, verdant Lawns, where the sleek Deer
 Sport on the Brink of AVON's Flood, in Sight
 Of his superb Abode ! Magnificence

granted to him by that Monarch ; upon which he laid out 20,000 l. He lies buried in a neat Octagon-Building, on the North-Side of the Chancel at WARWICK, under a fine Marble Monument, on which is the following very significant, Laconic Inscription.

"TROPHOEVM PECCATI!"

"FULKE GREVILLE, Servant to Queen ELIZABETH, Counsellor to King
 "JAMES, and Friend to Sir PHILIP SIDNEY."

Down

With

With Grace uniting, and enlarg'd Delight
Of Prospect fair, and Nature's smiling Scenes !
STILL is the Colouring faint. O ! cou'd my Verse,
Like their LOUISA's pencil'd Shades describe
The Tow'rs, the Woods, the Lawns, the winding Stream,
Fair like her Form, and like her Birth sublime !
In sweetest Numbers, suited to the Theme,
Their Fame shou'd live, as lives, proportion'd true,
Their beauteous Image in her graven Lines.

DELIGHTFUL Theme ! on which my Song cou'd waste,
The ling'ring Day ; but thy Example, GUY !
Calls me from such intoxicating Charms,
To muse with thee in thy sequester'd Cell.
Thanks, pious Monitor ! I follow thee
To thy own * Cliffs, by Nature beauteous made,
By thy Abode more venerable. Here
The tranquil Scene lulls the tumultuous Breast

* GUY'S-CLIFFE, the Seat of the Right Hon. Lady MARY GREATHEED.

To sweet Composure. Here the gliding Stream,
 That winds its watry Path in many a Maze,
 As loth to leave th' enchanted Spot, invites 260
 To moralize on fleeting Time, and Life,
 With all its treach'rous Sweets, and fading Joys,
 In Emblem shewn, by many a short-liv'd Flow'r,
 That on its Margin smiles, and smiling falls
 To join its Parent Earth. Here let me delve,
 Near thine, my Chamber in the peaceful Rock,
 And think no more of gilded Palaces,
 And Luxury of Sense. From the till'd Glebe,
 Or ever-teeming Brook, my frugal Meal
 Ill gain, and slake my Thirst at yonder Spring.
 Like thee, I'll climb the Steep, and mark the Scene
 How fair! how passing fair! in grateful Strains,
 Singing the Praises of creative Love.
 Like thee, I'll tend the Call of Mattin Bell*

* Here was antiently an Oratory, where Tradition says, Guy spent the latter Part of his Life in Devotional Exercises.

To early Orisons, and latest tune
 My Evening Song to that more wond'rous Love,
 Which sav'd us from the grand Apostate's Wiles,
 And righteous Vengeance of Almighty Ire,
 Justly incens'd. O Pow'r of Grace divine!
 When Mercy met with Truth, with Justice, Peace. 280
 Thou, holy Hermit! in this League secure,
 Did'st wait Death's vanquish'd Spectre as a Friend,
 To change thy mortal Coil for heav'nly Bliss.

NEXT KENELWORTH! thy Fame invites the Song.
 Assemblage sweet of social, and serene!
 But chiefly two fair Streets, in adverse Rows,
 Their lengthen'd Fronts extend, reflecting each
 Beauty on each reciprocal. Between,
 A verdant Valley, slop'd from either Side,
 Forms the mid-space, where gently-gliding flows
 A chrystal Stream, beneath the mould'ring Base
 Of an old Abbey's venerable Walls.

Still

Still further in the Vale her Castle lifts
 * Its stately Tow'rs, and tott'ring Battlements,
 Drest with the rampant Ivy's uncheck'd Growth
 Luxuriant. Here let us pause awhile,
 To read the melancholy Tale of Pomp
 Laid low in Dust, and, from Historic Page,
 Compose its Epitaph. Hail, * CLINTON! hail!
 Thy *Norman* Founder still yon' neighb'ring † Green, 300
 And massy Walls, with Stile ‡ *Imperial* grac'd,
 Record. The || MONTFORT's thee with hardy Deeds,
 And memorable Siege by ** HENRY's Arms,
 And Senatorial Acts, that bear thy Name

* GEOFFRY DE CLINTON, who built both the Castle, and the adjoining Monastery, Temp. HEN. I.

† CLINTON-GREEN.

‡ CESAR'S-TOWER.

|| The MONTFORTS, Earls of LEICESTER, of which SIMON DE MONTFORT, and his Son HENRY, were killed at the Battle of Evesham.

** HENRY III. who besieged this Castle, and call'd a Convention here, which passed an Act for redeeming forfeited Estates, called *DICTION DE KENELWORTH*.

Distinguish.

Distinguish. Thee the bold *Lancastrian* * Line,
 A royal Train ! from valiant GAUNT deriv'd,
 Grace with new Lustre; till ELIZA's Hand
 Transferr'd thy Walls to LEICESTER's † favour'd Earl.
 He long, beneath thy Roof, the *Maiden Queen*,
 And all her courtly Guests, with rare Device
 Of Mask, and Emblematic Scenery,
 Tritons, and Sea-Nymphs, and the floating Isle,
 Detain'd. Nor Feats of Prowess, Joust, or Tilt
 Of harness'd Knights, nor rustic Revelry
 Were wanting ; nor the Dance, and sprightly Mirth
 Beneath the festive Walls, with regal State,
 And choicest Lux'ry serv'd. But regal State,
 And sprightly Mirth, beneath the festive Roof,
 Are now no more. No more assembled Crowds
 At the stern Porter's Lodge Admittance crave. 320A

* From whom a Part of this Structure is call'd LANCASTER'S BUILDINGS.

† Granted by Queen ELIZABETH to DUDLEY Earl of LEICESTER.

No more, with Plaint, or Suit importunate,
 The thronged Lobby ecchoes, nor with Staff,
 Or gaudy Badge, the busy Pursuivants
 Lead to wish'd Audience. All, alas ! is gone,
 And Silence keeps her melancholy Court
 Throughout the Walls ; save, where, in Rooms of State,
 Repose of Kings ! chatter the wrangling Daws,
 Or Screech-Owls hoot along the vaulted Isles.
 No more the Trumpet calls the martial Band,
 With sprightly Summons, to the guarded Lifts ;
 Nor lofty Galleries their Pride disclose
 Of beauteous Dames in courtly Pomp attir'd,
 Watching, with trembling Hearts, the doubtful Strife,
 And, with their Looks, inspiring wond'rous Deeds.
 No more the Lake displays its pageant Shows,
 And emblematic Forms. Alike the Lake,
 And all its Emblematic Forms are flown,

And

And in their Place mute Flocks, and Heifers graze,
Or buxom Damsels ted the new-mow'n Hay.

WHAT art thou, Grandeur! with thy flatt'ring Train 340
Of pompous Lies, and boastful Promises?
Where are they now, and what's their mighty Sum?
All, all are vanish'd! like the fleeting Forms
Drawn in an Evening Cloud. Nought now remains,
Save these sad Relicks of departed Pomp,
These Spoils of Time, a Monumental Pile!
Which to the vain its mournful Tale relates,
And warns them not to trust to transient Dreams.

Now, from lone Walls, and visionary Scenes,
To peopled Streets, and active Industry,
With me repair. Unless perchance awhile
Devious we view thy charitable Roof
O * BALSAL! and thy warlike Sons record,

* A Seat of the Knights Templars, now an Alms-house for poor Widows, founded by the Lady KATHARINE LEVISON, a Descendant of ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of LEICESTER.

To holy Deeds, and hazardous Emprize
 Devote. Now other Guests thou entertain'st
 A female Band, by female Charity
 Sustain'd. Thee, * WROXAL ! too, in Fame allied,
 Seat of the Poet's, and the Muse's Friend !
 My Verse shall sing, with thy long-exil'd Knight,
 By LEONARD's Pray'rs, from distant Servitude, 360
 To these brown Thickets, and his mournful Mate,
 Invisibly restor'd. Yet doubred she
 His Speech, and alter'd Form, and better Proof
 Impatient urg'd. (So ITHACA's chaste Queen
 Her much-wish'd Lord, by twice ten absent Years,
 And wise MINERVA's guardian Care disguis'd,
 Acknowledg'd not : So, with suspended Faith,
 His bridal Claim repress'd.) Strait he displays
 Part of the Nuptial Ring between them shar'd,
 When, for Relief of SALEM's captive Streets,

* The Seat of CHRISTOPHER WREN, Esq;

From *Paynim* Foes, the bold *Crusade* he join'd.
 The twin Memorial of their plighted Love
 Within her faithful Bosom she retain'd.
 Quick from its Shrine the hallow'd Pledge she drew,
 To match it with its Mate, when, strange to tell !
 No sooner had the separated Curves
 Approach'd each other, but, with sudden Spring,
 They join'd again, and the small Circle clos'd.
 So they, long sever'd, met in close Embrace.
 Then, mindful of his Vow to LEONARD made, 380
 He rais'd this * *Structure*, as the Saint enjoin'd,
 A chaste Asylum to the female Train.

Now COVENTRY ! thy Environs we view ;
 † ALLESLEY, and ‡ WHITLEY's Pastures, || STIVICHALE,
 Thy spacious Lawns enjoying, as her own :

* The Nunnery.

† The Seat of M. NEALE, Esq;

‡ The Seat of ED. BOWATER, Esq;

|| The Seat of ARTHUR GREGORY, Esq;

And

And * BAGINGTON's fair Walls, and † STONELY! thine,
 With venerable ‡ COOMBE! both boasting once
 Monastic Pomp, still equal in Renown!
 And, as their kindred Fortunes they compare,
 Approving more the present, than the past.
 Ev'n now the pencil'd Sheets, unroll'd, display
 More sprightly Lawns, and Structures more superb,
 To grace the favour'd Scenes, and, with fresh Charms,
 New Themes of Song for future Bards prepare.

FAIR City! thus environ'd! and thyself
 For royal Grants, and filken Arts renown'd!
 To thee the docile Youth repair, and learn,
 With fide-long Gance, and nimble Stroke, to ply
 The flitting Shuttle, while their active Feet,
 In myſtic Movements, prefs the ſubtle Stops 400

* The Seat of WILLIAM BROMLEY, Eſq; one of the Representatives
 in Parliament for the County of WARWICK.

† The Seat of the Right Honourable Lord LEIGH.

‡ The Seat of the Right Honourable Lord CRAVEN.

Of

Of the Loom's complicated Frame, contriv'd,
 From the loose Thread, to form, with wond'rous Art,
 A Texture close, inwrought with choice Device
 Of Flow'r, or Foliage gay, to the rich Stuff,
 Or filky Web, imparting fairer Worth.
 Nor shall the Muse, in her descriptive Song,
 Neglect from dark Oblivion to preserve
 Thy mould'ring * Cross, with Ornament profuse
 Of Pinnacles, and Niches, proudly rais'd,
 Height above Height, a sculptur'd Chronicle!
 Less lasting than the Monumental Verse.
 Nor scornful will she flout thy Cavalcade,
 Made yearly to GODIVA's deathless Praise,
 While gaping Crowds around her Pageant throng,
 With prying Look, and stupid Wonderment.
 Not so the Muse! who, with her Virtue fir'd,

* Built by Sir WILLIAM HOLLIES, Lord Mayor of LONDON, in the
 Reign of King HENRY VIII.

And

And Love of thy Renown, in Notes as chaste
 As her fair Purpose, from Memorials dark,
 Shall, to the list'ning Ear, her Tale explain.

WHEN * EDWARD, last of EGBERT's royal Race, 420
 O'er sev'n united Realms the Sceptre sway'd,
 Earl LEOFRIC, with Trust of Sov'reign Pow'r,
 The subject *Mercians* rul'd. His lofty State
 The loveliest of her Sex! in inward Grace
 Most lovely; wise, beneficent, and good,
 The fair GODIVA shar'd. A noble Dame,
 Of THOROLD's antient Line! But pageant Pomp
 Charm'd not her faintly Mind like virtuous Deeds,
 And tender Feeling for another's Woe.
 Such gentle Passions in his lofty Breast
 He cherish'd not, but, with despotic Sway,
 Controul'd his vassal Tribes, and, from their Toil,
 His Luxury maintain'd. GODIVA saw

* EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Their

Their plaintive Looks ; with Grief she saw thy Arts,
 O COVENTRY ! by tyrant Laws depress'd ;
 And urg'd her haughty Lord, by ev'ry Plea,
 That works on gen'rous Minds, with Patriot Rule,
 And charter'd Freedom to retrieve thy Weal.
 Thus pleaded she, but pleaded all in vain !
 Deaf was her Lord ; and, with a stern Rebuke,
 He will'd her ne'er again, by such Request,
 To touch his Honour, or his Rights invade.
 What cou'd she do ? Must his severe Command
 Check the strong Pleadings of Benevolence ?
 Must Public Love, to Matrimonial Rules
 Of Lordly Empire, and Obedience meek,
 Perhaps by Man too partially explain'd !
 Give Way ? For once GODIVA dar'd to think
 It might not be, and, amiably perverse !
 Her Suit renew'd. Bold was th' adventurous Deed !
 Yet not more bold, than fair ! if pitiful

L

Be

Be fair, and Charity, that knows no Bounds.
 What had'st thou then to fear from Wrath inflam'd
 With Sense of blackest Guilt? Rebellion join'd
 With female Weakness, and officious Zeal!
 So LEOFRIC might call the vertuous Deed;
 Perhaps might punish as befitted Deed
 So call'd, if Love restrain'd not: Yet tho' Love
 O'er Anger triumph'd, and imperious Rule,
 Not o'er his Pride; which better to maintain,
 His Answer thus he artfully return'd.

460

WHY will the Partner of my royal State,
 Forbidden, still her wild Petition urge?
 Think not my Breast is steel'd against the Touch
 Of sweet Humanity. Think not I hear
 Regardless thy Request. If Piety,
 Or other Motive, with mistaken Zeal,
 Call'd to thy Aid, pierc'd not my stubborn Frame,
 Yet to the Pleader's Worth, and modest Charms,

Wou'd

Wou'd my fond Love no trivial Boon impart.
 But Pomp and Fame forbid. That Vassalage,
 Which, thoughtless, thou wou'd'st tempt me to dissolve,
 Exalts our Splendor, and augments my Pow'r.
 With tender Bosoms form'd, and yielding Hearts,
 Your Sex soon melts at Sights of vulgar Woe;
 Heedless how *Glory* fires the *manly* Breast,
 With Love of high Pre-eminence. This Flame,
 In female Minds, with weaker Fury glows,
 Opposing less the specious Arguments
 For milder Regimen, and public Weal.
 But plant some gentler Passion in its Room, 480
 Some vertuous Instinct suited to your Make,
 As Glory is to ours, like it requir'd
 A Ransom for the Vulgar's vassal State,
 Then wou'd the strong Contention soon evince
 How falsely now thou judgest of my Mind,
 And justify my Conduct. Thou art fair,

And chaste as fair ; with nicest Sense of Shame,
 And Sanctity of Thought. Thy Bosom thou
 Did'st ne'er expose to shameless Dalliance
 Of wanton Eyes ; nor—ill-concealing it
 Beneath the treach'rous Cov'ring, tempt aside
 The secret Glance, with meditated Fraud.
 Go now, and lay thy modest Garments by.
 In naked Beauty, mount thy milk-white Steed,
 And through the Streets, in Face of open Day,
 And gazing Slaves, their fair Deliv'rer ride :
 Then will I own thy Pity was sincere,
 Applaud thy Virtue, and confirm thy Suit.
 But if thou lik'st not such ungentle Terms,
 And Public Spirit yields to private Shame, 500
 Think then that LEOFRIC, like thee, can feel,
 Like thee, may pity, while he seems severe,
 And urge thy Suit no more. His Speech he clos'd,
 And, with strange Oaths, confirm'd the deep Resolve.

AGAIN, within GODIVA's anxious Breast
 New Tumults rose. At length her female Fears
 Gave Way, and sweet Humanity prevail'd.
 Reluctant, but resolv'd, the matchless Fair
 Gives all her naked Beauty to the Sun :
 Then mounts her milk-white Steed, and, thro' the Streets,
 Rides fearless; her dishevell'd Hair a Veil !
 That o'er her beautous Limbs luxuriant flow'd,
 Like * VENUS, when, upon the *Tyrian* Shore,
 Disguis'd she met her Son. With Gratitude,
 And Rev'rence low, th' astonish'd Citizens
 Before their great Sultana prostrate fall,
 Or to their inmost Privacies retire.
 All, but one prying Slave ! who fondly hop'd,
 With venial Curiosity, to gaze
 On such a wond'rous Dame. But foul Disgrace 520
 O'ertook the bold Offender, and he stands,

* — dederatque comas diffundere ventis.

VIRG.

By juſt Decree, a Spectacle abhorr'd,
 And laſting Monument of ſwift Revenge
 For Thoughts impure, and Beauty's injur'd Charms *.

YE

* Story of LEOFRIC and GODIVA, from Sir WILL. DUGDALF's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*.

The following Narrative is ſubjoin'd to ſatisfy the Curioſity of ſuch as may not have a preſent Opportunity of conſulting this valuable Collection of Antiquities. That Part of the Story, of which no Mention is made here, reſts upon other Authorities, ſufficient, at leaſt, for the Writer's Purpoſe, though ſomewhat differently related. How far he has ſucceeded in explaining what appeared to him to be obſcure, and in giving a true Meaning and Conſiſtency to the whole, and thereby rendering it more credible, agreeably to thoſe ſeemingly authentic Memorials which are preſerved of it, is left to the Judgment of the Reader. The Story, as taken from a MS. in *Bib. Bod.* and *MATH. PARIS*, is as follows.

“ This LEOFRIC wedded GODEVA, a moſt beautiful, and devout Lady, Siſter to one THOROLD, Sheriff of *Lincolnſhire*, in thoſe Days, and Founder of *Spalding-Abbey*, as alſo of the Stock, and Lineage of THOROLD, Sheriff of that county, in the Time of KENULPH, King of *Mercia*. Which Counteſs GODEVA bearing an extraordinary Affection to this Place, often, and earneſtly beſought her Huſband, that, for the Love of God, and the Bleſſed Virgin, he would free it from that grievous Servitude whereunto it was ſubject. But he rebuking her for importuning him in a Matter ſo inconſiſtent with his Profit, commanded that ſhe ſhould thenceforth forbear to move therein. Yet ſhe, out of her womanish Pertinacity, continued to ſolicit him, inſomuch that he told her, if ſhe would ride on Horſeback naked, from one End or the Town to the other, in the Sight of all the People, he would grant her Requeſt. Whereunto ſhe return'd, But will you give me Leave ſo to do? And he replying, Yes, the noble Lady, upon an appointed Day

YE Guardians of her Rights, so nobly won !
 Cherish the Muse's Labour, who, intent
 On your Renown, and chaste GODIVA's Fame,
 Hath long o'er Monkish Tales, and foul Records
 Attentive ponder'd, studious to expound
 Their dark Intendment, her heroic Deed
 Illustrate, and your gay Procession grace.

Day, got on Horseback naked, with her Hair loose, so that it covered all her Body, but the Legs, and thus performing the Journey, she returned with Joy to her Husband, who thereupon granted to the Inhabitants a Charter of Freedom."

It is pleasant enough to observe, with what Earnestness the above-mentioned learned Writer dwells on the Praises of this renown'd Lady. " And now, before I proceed, says he, I have a Word more to say of the noble Countess GODEVA, which is, that besides her devout Advancement of that pious Work of his, i. e. her Husband LEOFRIC, in this magnificent Monastery, viz. of Monks at COVENTRY, she gave her whole Treasure thereto, and sent for skilful Goldsmiths, who, with all the Gold, and Silver she had, made Crosses, Images of Saints, and other curious Ornaments." Which Passages may serve as a Specimen of the Devotion, and Patriotism of those Times.

Ye children of the Kingdom is truly won

Over the world, and all the powers of sin

On your banners, and all the powers of sin

Which long over the world have been

A sign of power, and a sign of sin

Which long have been a sign of sin

Which long have been a sign of sin

Which long have been a sign of sin

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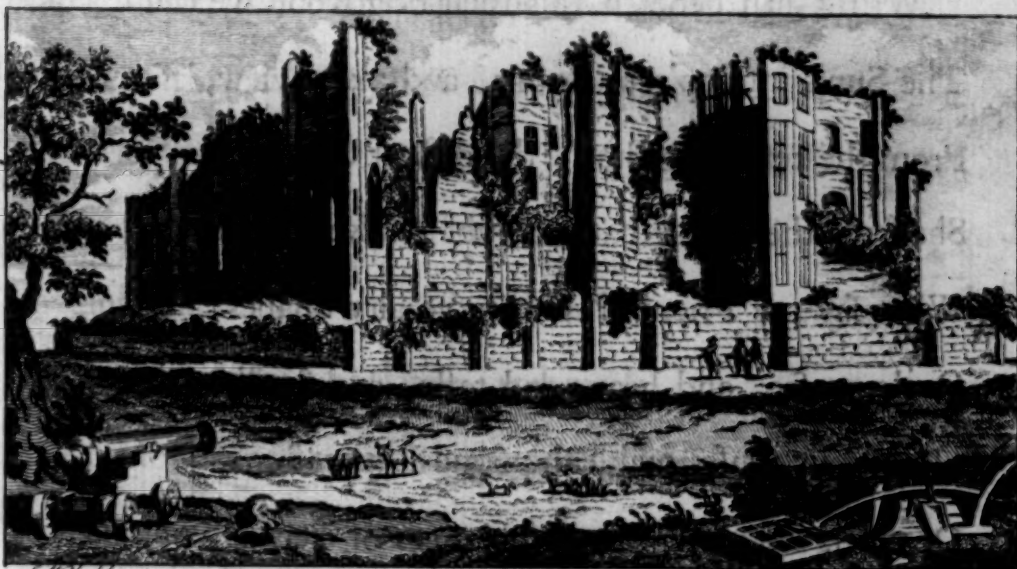
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ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD.

*Metaphysical Subtleties exploded. Philosophical Account of
Vision, and Optic Glasses. Objects of Sight not sufficiently
regarded on Account of their being common. Story re-
lative thereto. Return to the Mid-Scene. SOLIHUL.
School-Scene. BREMICHAM. Its Manufactures. Coal-
Mines. Iron-Ore. Process of it. Panegyric upon
Iron.*



EDGE-HILL.

BOOK III.

Humbly Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HYDE.

REQUIRES there aught of sober Argument
 To prove that all this outward Frame of Things
 Is what it seems, not unsubstantial Air,
 Ideal Vision, or a waking Dream?

M 2

WHILE

WHILE still beneath this shelt'ring Roof we shun
 The Sun's intemp'rate Beams, and aided view,
 From the reflecting Steel, the distant Scene,
 Shall we the Problematic Doubt resolve ?
 What say my Friends ? Or are ye airy Shapes ?
 Or do ye see, and hear, and taste, and smell ?
 Do all our Senses make the same Report ?
 Or mock we each with Semblances of Sense ?

Are we, or are we not what thus we seem ?
 Or is this World, which we material call,
 A visionary Scene, like midnight Dreams,
 Without Existence, save what Fancy gives ?
 SHALL we, 'cause Reason strives in vain to tell
 How Matter acts on incorporeal Mind,
 Or how (when Sleep has lock'd up ev'ry Sense,
 Or Fevers rage) Imagination paints
 Unreal Scenes, reject what sober Sense,
 And calmest Thought attest ? Shall we confound

States wholly diff'rent? Sleep with wakeful Life?
 Disease with Health? This were to quit the Day,
 And seek our Path at Midnight. To renounce
 Man's surest Evidence, and idolize
 Imagination. Quit we rather then
 These Metaphysic Subtleties, and mark
 The curious Structure of these vifual Orbs,
 The Windows of the Mind; Substance how clear,
 Aqueous, or chryftalline! through which the Soul,
 As thro' a Glafs, all outward Things furveys.

SEE, while the Sun gilds, with his golden Beam,
 Yon' distant * Pile, which HYDE, with Care refin'd,
 From tasteless Plunder guards, how beautiful
 Its venerable Form! Anon some Cloud,
 Opake, the streaming Lustre intercepts,
 And all the glitt'ring Object fades away.

* The magnificent Ruins of KENELWORTH-CASTLE, here intended, are very carefully preserved by the Right Hon. Lord HYDE, their present Owner.

Or, if some Incrustation o'er the Sight
 Its baleful Texture spread, like a clear Lens, 40
 With Filth obscur'd ! no more the Sensory,
 Thro' the thick Film, imbibes the cheerful Day,
 ' But Cloud instead, and ever-during Night
 Surround it.' So, when on some weighty Truth
 A Beam of heav'nly Light its Lustre sheds,
 To Reason's Eye it looks supremely fair.

But if foul Passion, or distemper'd Pride,
 Impede its Search, or Phrenzy seize the Brain,
 Then Ignorance a gloomy Darkness spreads,
 Or Superstition, with mishapen Forms,
 Erects its savage Empire in the Mind.

THE vulgar Race of Men, like Herds that graze,
 On Instinct live, not knowing how they live ;
 While Reason sleeps, or waking stoops to Sense.
 But sage Philosophy explores the Cause
 Of each Phenomenon of Sight, or Sound,

Taste,

Taste, Touch, or Smell ; each Organ's inmost Frame,
 And Correspondence with external Things,
 Explains how diff'rent Texture of their Parts
 Excites Sensations diff'rent, rough, or smooth, 60
 Bitter, or sweet, Fragrance, or noisome Scent,
 How various Streams of undulating Air,
 Thro' the Ear's winding Labyrinth convey'd,
 Cause all the vast Variety of Sounds.
 Hence too the subtle Properties of Light,
 And sev'n-fold Colour are distinctly view'd
 In the Prismatic Glass, and outward Forms
 Shewn fairly drawn, in Miniature Divine,
 On the transparent Eye's membranous Cell.
 By Combination hence of diff'rent Orbs,
 Convex, or concave, thro' their crystal Pores,
 Transmitting variously the solar Ray,
 With Line oblique, the Telescopic Tube
 Reveals the Wonders of the starry Sphere,

Worlds

Worlds above Worlds ; or, in a single Grain,
 Or watry Drop, the penetrative Eye
 Discerns innumerable Inhabitants
 Of perfect Structure, imperceptible
 To naked View. Hence each Defect of Sense
 Obtains Relief ; hence to the palsey'd Ear 80
 New Impulse, Vision new to languid Sight,
 Surprize to both, and youthful Joys restor'd !

CHEAP is the Bliss we never knew to want !
 So graceless Spendthrifts waste unthankfully
 Those Sums, which Merit often seeks in vain,
 And Poverty wou'd kneel to call its own.
 So Objects, hourly seen, unheeded pass,
 At which the new-created Sight wou'd gaze
 With exquisite Delight. Doubt ye this Truth ?
 A Tale shall place it fairer to your View.

A YOUTH

A YOUTH * there was, a Youth of lib'ral Mind,
 And fair Proportion in each Lineament
 Of outward Form ; but dim Suffusion veil'd
 His fightless Orbs, which roll'd, and roll'd in vain
 To find the Blaze of Day. From Infancy,
 Till full Maturity glow'd on his Cheek,
 The long, long Night its gloomy Empire held,
 And mock'd each gentle Effort, Lotions,
 Or Cataplasms, by Parental Hands,
 With fruitless Care employ'd. At length a Leech, 100
 Of Skill profound, well-vers'd in Optic Lore,
 An arduous Task devis'd, with subtle Touch,
 To draw aside the Veil, which, like a Cloud,
 With grossest Vapours charg'd, hung o'er his Sight,
 And ope a lucid Passage to the Sun.

AND now arriv'd the Day, fixt to decide
 Th' important Trial. Forth-with came the Youth,

* For the general Subject of the following Story, see the TATLER,
 Numb. 55.

Eager to taste the Blessings of the Light,
 His anxious Parents, with uplifted Hands,
 And trembling Hearts attend remote ; around,
 His Friends, a social, sympathizing Train !
 'Mongst whom, who well deserv'd the gen'rous Name,
 A gentle Maid there was, that long had wail'd
 His hapless Fate. Full many a tedious Hour
 Had she, with Converse, and instructive Song,
 Beguil'd. Full many a Step darkling her Arm
 Sustain'd him ; and, as they their youthful Days
 In friendly Deeds, and mutual Intercourse
 Of sweet Endearment pass'd, Love in each Breast
 His Empire fix'd ; in hers with Pity join'd, 120
 In his with Gratitude, and deep Regard.

THE friendly Wound was giv'n ; th' obstructing Film
 Drawn artfully aside ; and, on his Sight
 Burst the full Tide of Day. Surpriz'd he stood,
 Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw.

The

The skilful Artist first, as first in Place
 He view'd, then view'd himself, then sudden seiz'd
 His Benefactor's Hand, then felt his own;
 Now mark'd their near Resemblance, much perplex'd,
 And still the more perplex'd, the more he saw.

STRAIT from the Crowd th' impatient Mother broke,
 And, as her eager Steps towards him she bent,
 " My Son, she cried, my Son ! " On her he gaz'd
 With fresh Surprise. And, what? he cried, art thou
 My Mother? for thy Voice bespeaks thee such,
 Tho' to my Sight unknown. Thy Mother I !
 She quick return'd, thy Sister, Brother these—
 My Sister, Brother these ! my Mother thou !
 O ! 'tis too much he said ; too soon to part,
 Ere well we meet ! But this new Flood of Day 140
 O'erpow'rs me, and I feel a Death-like Damp
 Chill all my Frame, and stop my fault'ring Tongue.

Now LYDIA, so they call'd his gentle Friend,
 Who, with averted Eye, but, in her Soul,
 Had felt the lancing Steel, flew to his Aid.
 Around his Neck her fond, supporting Arm
 She threw, and O! dear Youth, she shrieking cried,
 O! cast on me one Look, or with thee take
 Thy LYDIA, thine alike in Life, or Death.

At LYDIA's Name, at LYDIA's well-known Voice,
 He strove again to raise his drooping Head,
 And ope his closing Eye, but strove in vain,
 And on her trembling Bosom sunk away.

Now other Fears distract his weeping Friends.
 But short this Grief! for soon his Life return'd,
 And, with Return of Life, return'd their Peace.
 Yet, for his Safety, they resolve awhile
 His infant Sense from Day's bright Beams to guard,
 Ere yet again they tempt such dang'rous Joy.

As,

As, when from some transporting Dream awoke, 160
 We fondly on the sweet Delusion dwell,
 And, with intense Reflection, to our Minds
 Picture th' enchanted Scene—Angelic Forms—
 Converse sublime—and more than waking Bliss !
 Till the coy Vision, as the more we strive
 To paint it livelier on th' enraptur'd Sense,
 Still fainter grows, and dies at last away :
 So dwelt the Youth on his late transient Scene ;
 So long'd the dear Remembrance to renew.

At length, *again* the wish'd-for Day arriv'd.
 The Task was LYDIA'S! to unbind, *alone*,
 The silken Bandage from his guarded Eyes ;
 Which ere she loos'd, her Speech she thus address'd.

DEAR Youth! my trembling Hands but ill essay
 This tender Task, and, with unusual Fear,
 My flutt'ring Heart forebodes some Danger nigh.

DISMISS thy Fears, he cried, nor think so ill

I con

I con thy Lessons, as need now be taught
 To hail, with Caution, the new-coming Day.
 Then loose these envious Folds, and be thyself
 The first, best Object of my longing Eyes.
 Ah! there's my Grief, she mournfully replied;
 'Tis not for thee, but for myself I fear.
 'Tis true our Breasts, with mutual Passion, beat.
 But then, alas! 'tis true thou ne'er hast known
 Thy LYDIA by that subtle Sense, through which
 Love chiefly gains a Passage to the Heart.
 That Sense! which soon may shew thee many a Maid
 Fairer than LYDIA, tho' more faithful none.
 And may she not cease then to be belov'd?
 May she not soon, ah! soon be spurn'd aside,
 For some new Charmer? Can I bear that Thought?
 For this I sigh; for this my restless Fears
 New Terrors form. And can'st thou then, he cried,
 Want aught that might endear thee to my Soul?

Art thou not Excellence ? Art thou not all
 That Man cou'd wish ? Goodness, and gentlest Love ?
 Can I forget thy long assiduous Care ?
 Thy Morning-Tendence, surest Mark to me
 Of Day's Return, of Night thy late Adieu ?
 Do I need aught to make my Bliss compleat,
 When thou art by me ? when I press thy Hand ?
 When I breath Fragrance at thy near Approach ;
 And hear the sweetest Music in thy Voice ?
 Can that, which to each other Sense is dear,
 So wond'rous dear, be otherwise to Sight ?
 Or can Sight make, what is to Reason good,
 And lovely, seem less lovely, and less good ?
 Perish the Sense, that wou'd make LYDIA such !
 Perish its Joys, those Joys however great !
 If to be purchas'd with the Loss of thee.
 O my dear LYDIA ! if there be indeed
 The Danger thou report'st, O ! by our Love,

Our mutual Love, I charge thee, ne'er unbind
 These hapless Orbs, or tear them from their Seat,
 Ere they betray me thus to worse than Death.

No, Heav'n forbid! she cried, for Heav'n hath heard
 Thy Parents pious Pray'rs, and many a Friend,
 Ev'n now assembled, waits to speak his Joy,
 And mingle Looks of cordial Love with thine. 220
 And shou'd I rob them of the sacred Bliss?
 Shou'd I deprive thee of the rapt'rous Sight?
 No! be thou happy; happy be thy Friends;
 Whatever Fate attends thy LYDIA's Love;
 Thy hapless LYDIA!—Hapless did I say?
 Ah! wherefore? wherefore wrong I thus thy Worth?
 Why doubt thy well-known Truth, and constant Mind?
 No, happiest she of all the happy Train,
 In mutual Vows, and plighted Faith secure!

So saying, she unloos'd the filken Band;
 When thus the Youth. And is this then the World,

In which I am to live? Am I awake?
 Or do I dream? Or hath some unknown Pow'r,
 Far from my Friends, far from my native Home;
 Convey'd me to these radiant Seats? O Thou!
 Inhabitant of this enlighten'd World!
 Whose heav'nly Softness far transcends his Shape,
 By whom this Miracle was first achiev'd,
 O! deign thou to instruct me where I am;
 And how to name thee by true Character, 240
 Angel, or Mortal! Once I had a Friend,
 Who, but till now, ne'er left me in Distress.
 Her Step was Harmony, at which my Heart
 With Transport flutter'd; and her gracious Hand
 Supplied me with whate'er my Wish cou'd form;
 Supply, and Transport ne'er so wish'd before!
 Ne'er, when so wanted, yet, so long denied!
 Ah! did I leave her in that darksome World?
 Or rather dwells she not in these bright Realms,

O

Companion

Companion fit for such fair Forms as thine ?

O! teach me, if thou canst, how I may find

This gentle Counsellor ; when found, how know

By this new Sense, which, better still to rate

Her Worth, I chiefly wish'd. The lovely Form

Replied, in me behold that gentle Friend,

If still thou own'st me such. O! yes, 'tis she,

He cried ; 'tis LYDIA ! 'tis her charming Voice !

O! speak again ; O! let me press thy Hand :

On these I can rely. This new-born Sense

May cheat me. Yet so much I prize thy Form, 260

I willingly wou'd think it tells me true —

HA ! what are these ? Are they not they, of whom

Thou warn'd'st me ? Yes—true—they are beautiful.

But have they lov'd like thee, like thee convers'd ?

They move not as we move, they bear no Part

In my new Bliss. And yet methinks, in one,

Her Form I can descry, tho' now so calm !

Who

Who call'd me Son. Mistaken Youth ! she cried,
 These are not what they seem ; are not as we,
 Not living Substances, but pictur'd Shapes,
 Resemblances of Life ! by Mixture form'd
 Of Light, and Shade, in sweet Proportion join'd.
 But hark ! I hear, without, thy longing Friends,
 Who wait my Summons, and reprove my Stay.

To thy Direction, cried th' enraptur'd Youth,
 To thy Direction I commit my Steps.
 Lead on, be thou my Guide, as late, so now,
 In this new World, and teach me how to use
 This wond'rous Faculty ; which thus, so soon
 Mocks me with Phantoms. Yet enough for me ! 280
 That all my past Experience joins with this
 To tell me I am happier than I know.
 To tell me thou art LYDIA ! From whose Side
 I never more will part ! with whom compar'd,

All others of her Sex, however fair,
Shall be like painted, unsubstantial Forms.

So when the Soul, inflam'd with strong Desire
Of purer Bliss, its earthly Mansion leaves,
Perhaps some friendly Genius, wont to steer
With ministerial Charge, his dang'rous Steps;
Perhaps some gentle Partner of his Toil,
More early blest, in radiant Lustre clad,
And Form celestial, meets his dazzled Sight ;
And guides his Way, thro' trackless Fields of Air,
To join, with rapt'rous Joy, th' Etherial Train.

Now to the Midland Search the Muse returns.
For more, and still more busy Scenes remain ;
The promis'd Schools of wise Artificers
In Brass, and Iron. But another School
Of gentler Arts demands the Muse's Song,

6 300 Where

Where first she learn'd to scan the measur'd Verse,
And aukwardly her infant Notes essay'd.

HAIL SOLIHUL ! respectful I salute
Thy Walls ; more awful once ! when, from the Sweets
Of festive Freedom, and Domestic Ease,
With throbbing Heart, to the stern Discipline
Of Pædagogue morose I sad return'd.
But tho' no more his Brow severe, nor Dread
Of birchen Sceptre awes my riper Age,
A sterner Tyrant rises to my View,
With deadlier Weapon arm'd. Ah ! *Critic !* spare,
O ! spare the Muse, who feels her youthful Fears
On thee transfer'd, and trembles at thy Lash.
Against the venal Tribe, that prostitutes
The tuneful Art, to sooth the Villain's Breast,
To blazon Fools, or feed the pamper'd Lust
Of bloated Vanity ; 'gainst the foul Page,
Which casts its wanton Gibes at holy Truths,

Or

Or clothes, with Virtue's Garb, th' accursed Train
 Of loathsome Vices, lift thy vengeful Arm,
 And all thy just Severity exert.
 Enough to venial Faults, and luckless Hap
 Of grosser Organs, and less rapid Flow
 Of animated Numbers, such as breathe,
 With Dignity of Thought, and bolder Phrase,
 The Soul of Epic Song, hath erst been paid
 Within these Walls, still stain'd with infant Gore.

YET may I not forget the pious Care
 Of Love Parental, anxious to improve
 My youthful Mind. Nor yet the Debt disown
 Due to severe Restraint, and rigid Laws,
 The wholesome Curb of Passion's headstrong Reign.
 To them I owe that ere, with painful Toil,
 Thro' PRISCIAN's crabbed Rules, laborious Task!
 I held my Course, till the dull, tiresome Road
 Plac'd me on *Classic* Ground, that well repaid

The

The Labours of the Way. To them I owe
 The pleasing Knowledge of my youthful Mates
 Matur'd in Age, and Honours. These among,
 I gratulate whom AUGUSTA's Senate hails 340
 Father ! and, in each Charge, and high Employ,
 Found worthy all her Love, with amplest Trust,
 And Dignity invests. And well I ween,
 Her Tribunitial Pow'r, and Purple Pomp
 On him confers, in living Manners school'd
 To guard her Weal, and vindicate her Rights.
 'Tis LADBROKE ! once in the same Fortunes class'd
 Of early Life ; with Count'nance unestrang'd,
 For ev'ry friendly Deed still vacant found.
 - NOR can the Muse, while she these Scenes surveys,
 Forget her SHENSTONE, in the youthful Toil
 Associate ; whose bright Dawn of Genius oft
 Smooth'd my incondite Verse ; whose friendly Voice
 Call'd me from giddy Sports to follow him

Intent on better Themes — call'd me to taste
 The Charms of *British* Song, the pictur'd Page
 Admire, or mark his imitative Skill;
 Or with him range in solitary Shades,
 And scoop rude Grottos in the shelving Bank.
 Such were the Joys that cheer'd Life's early Morn! 360
 Such the strong Sympathy of Soul, that knit
 Our Hearts congenial in sweet Amity!
 On CHERWEL's Banks, by kindred Science nurs'd;
 And well-matur'd in Life's advancing Stage,
 When, on ARDENNA's Plain, we fondly stray'd,
 With mutual Trust, and amicable Thought;
 Or in the social Circle gaily join'd:
 Or round his *Leasowe's* happy Circuit rov'd;
 On Hill, and Dale invoking ev'ry Muse,
 Nor TEMPE's Shade, nor AGANIPPE's Fount
 Envied; so willingly the *Dryads* nurs'd
 His Groves; so lib'rally their crystal Urns

The *Naiads* pour'd, enchanted with his Spells ;
 And pleas'd to see their ever-flowing Streams
 Led by his Hand, in many a mazy Line ;
 Or, in the copious Tide, collected large,
 Or tumbling from the Rock, in sportive Falls,
 Now, from the lofty Bank, precipitate ;
 And now, in gentler Course, with Murmurs soft
 Soothing the Ear ; and now, in Concert join'd, 380
 Fall above Fall, oblique, and intricate,
 Among the twisted Roots. Ah ! whilst I write,
 In deeper Murmur flows the sadning Stream ;
 Wither the Groves ; and from the beauteous Scene,
 Its soft Enchantments flie. No more for me
 A Charm it wears, since he alas ! is gone,
 Whose Genius plann'd it, and whose Spirit grac'd.
 Ah ! hourly does the fatal Doom, pronounc'd
 Against rebellious Sin, some social Band
 Dissolve, and leave a Thousand Friends to weep,

Soon such themselves, as now their Tears deplore !
 This mournful Tribute to thy Mem'ry paid !
 The Muse pursues her solitary Way ;
 But heavily pursues, since thou art gone,
 Whose Counsel brighten'd, and whose Friendship shar'd
 The pleasing Task. Now BREMICHAM ! to thee
 She steers her Flight, and, in thy busy Scenes,
 Seeks to restrain awhile the starting Tear.

YET e'er her Song describes the smoaky Forge,
 Or sounding Anvil, to the dusky Heath 400
 Her gentle Train she leads. What? tho' no Grain,
 Or Herbage sweet, or waving Woods adorn
 Its dreary Surface, yet it bears, within,
 A richer Treasury. So worthy Minds
 Oft lurk beneath a rude, unsightly Form.
 More hapless they ! that few Observers search,
 Studios to find this intellectual Ore,
 And stamp, with gen'rous Deed, its current Worth.

Here many a Merchant turns Adventurer,
 Blessing th' uncouth Prognostics. Int'rest thus,
 On fordid Minds, with stronger Impulse works,
 Than Virtue's heav'nly Flame. Yet Providence
 Converts to gen'ral Use Man's selfish Ends.
 Hence are the Hungry fed, the Naked cloath'd,
 The wintry Damps dispell'd, and social Mirth
 Exults, and glows before the blazing Hearth.

WHEN likely Signs th' adventurous Search invite,
 A cunning Artift tries the latent Soil :
 And if his subtle Engine, in Return,
 A nitrous Mass contains, brittle, adust ; 420
 Strait he prepares th' obstructing Earth to clear,
 And raise the fable Rock, A narrow Pass
 Once made, wide, and more wide the gloomy Cave
 Stretches its vaulted Isles, by num'rous Hands,
 Hourly extended. Some the Pick-Axe plie,
 Loof'ning the Quarry from its native Bed.

Some heave it to th' expectant Scale, that waits,
 With never-ceasing Motion, from above,
 To waft it into Light. Thus the grim Ore,
 Here useless, like the Miser's brighter Hoard,
 Is from its Prison brought, and sent abroad,
 The frozen Hours to cheer, to minister
 To needful Sustenance, and polish'd Arts.
 Mean while the subterraneous City spreads
 Its covert Streets, and ecchoes with the Noise
 Of swarthy Slaves, and Instruments of Toil.
 They, such the Force of Custom's pow'rful Laws !
 Pursue their sooty Labours, destitute
 Of the Sun's cheering Light, and genial Warmth.
 And oft a chilling Damp, or unctuous Mist, 440
 Loos'd from the crumbly Caverns, issues forth,
 Stopping the Springs of Life. And oft the Flood,
 Diverted from its Course, in Torrents pours,
 Drowning the nether World. To cure these Ills

Two Philosophic Arts are us'd to drein
 The foul, imprison'd Air, and, in its Place,
 Purer convey ; or, with impetuous Force,
 To raise the gath'ring Torrents from the Deep.
 One from the * Wind its salutary Pow'r
 Derives, thy Charity to sick'ning Crowds,
 From cheerful Haunts, and Nature's balmy Draughts
 Confin'd ; O Friend of Man, illustrious † HALES !
 The other, stranger still ! its Virtue owes
 To ‡ Air, by Heat expanded, and anon
 Condens'd by Cold ||. Agent ! to vulgar Thought
 How seeming weak, in Act how powerful !
 So Providence, by Instruments despis'd,
 All human Force, and Policy confounds.

* The Ventilator.

† Dr. STEPHEN HALES.

‡ The Fire-Engine.

|| "Densat. erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa relaxat."

BUT who that fiercer Element can rule ?
 When, in the nitrous Cave, the kindling Flame,
 By pitchy Vapours fed, from Cell to Cell,
 With Fury spreads, and the wide fewell'd Earth,
 Around, with greedy Joy, receives the Blaze.
 What Art, what Time can stop the burning Pest ?
 By its own Entrails nourish'd, like those Mounts
Vesuvian, or *Sicilian*, still it wastes,
 And still new Fewel for its Rapine finds
 Exhaustless. Wretched he ! who journeying late,
 O'er the parch'd Heath, bewilder'd, seeks his Way.
 Oft will his snorting Steed, with Terror struck,
 His wonted Speed refuse, or start aside,
 With rising Smoak, and ruddy Flame annoy'd.
 While, at each Step, his trembling Rider screams,
 Appall'd with Thoughts of Bog, or cavern'd Pit,
 Or treach'rous Earth, subsiding where they tread,
 Tremendous Passage to the Realms of Death !

YET

[III]

YET want there not ev'n here some lucid Spots
 The smoaky Scene to cheer, and, by Contrast,
 More fair. Such DARTMOUTH's cultivated * Lawns!
 Himself, distinguish'd more with Ornament 480
 Of cultur'd Manners, and supernal Grace,
 Anxious, by Deeds of Love, and heav'nly Light,
 To banish Darknes from fair Reason's Seat:
 Or round the peaceful Hamlet spread Content,
 Submission due, and Taste of future Bliss.
 Blest Fruits of sacred Zeal! Such † BRIDGMAN's—such—
 But envious Time forbids the Muse to rove
 To these fair Scenes, and where these Scenes invite,
 To Cloud-capt WREKIN, and the *Cambrian* Hills.
 Still minding her of her unfinish'd Theme,
 From russet Lawns, and smould'ring Furnaces,
 To ^ttrace the Progress of thy steely Arts,

* SANDWEL, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of DARTMOUTH.

† CASTLE-BROMWICH, the Seat of Sir HENRY BRIDGMAN, Bart.

* *Queen of the sounding Anvil!* † ASTON thee,
 And ‡ EDGBASTON with hospitable Shade,
 And rural Pomp invest. O! warn thy Sons;
 When, for a Time, their Labours they forget,
 With no licentious Boldness, to invade
 These peaceful Solitudes. So may they see
 The Masters of the Scene, with gen'rous Care,
 Thy Commerce cherish, and their Toil reward. 500

NOR does the barren Soil conceal alone
 The crumbly Rock. Oftimes more pond'rous Ore,
 In Strata close, beneath its Surface lies,
 Compact, Metallic; but with earthy Parts
 Incrusted. Now another Process view,
 And to the Furnace the slow Wain attend.
 Here, in huge Cauldrons, the rough Mass they stowe,
 Till, by the potent Heat, the purer Ore

* BREMICHAM, alias BIRMINGHAM.

† The Seat of Sir LISTER HOLT, Bart.

‡ The Seat of Sir HENRY GOUGH, Bart.

Is liquified, and leaves the Dross afloat.
 Then, cautious, from the glowing Pond they lead
 The fiery Stream along the channel'd Floor;
 Where, in the mazy Moulds of figur'd Sand,
 Anon it hardens, and, in Ingots rude,
 Is to the Forge convey'd; whose weighty Strokes,
 Incessant aided by the rapid Stream,
 Spread out the ductile Ore, now tapering
 In lengthen'd Masses, ready to obey
 The Workman's Will, and take its destin'd Form.

SOON o'er thy furrow'd Pavement, BREMICHAM!
 Ride the loose Bars obstrep'rous; to the Sons 520
 Of languid Sense, and Frame too delicate
 Harsh Noise perchance, but Harmony to thine.

INSTANT innumerable Hands prepare
 To shape, and mould the malleable Ore.
 Their heavy Sides th' inflated Bellows heave,

Q

Tugg'd

Tugg'd by the pulley'd Line, and, with their Blast
 Continuous, the sleeping Embers rouse,
 And kindle into Life. Strait the rough Mafs,
 Plung'd in the blazing Hearth, its Heat contracts,
 And glows transparent. Now, CYCLOPEAN Chief !
 Quick on the Anvil lay the burning Bar,
 And, with thy lusty Fellows, on its Sides
 Imprefs the weighty Stroke. See, how they strain
 The swelling Nerve, and lift the finewy * Arm
 In measur'd Time ; while, with their clatt'ring Blows,
 From Street to Street the propagated Sound
 Increasing ecchoes, and, on ev'ry Side,
 'The tortur'd Metal spreads a radiant Show'r.

'Tis Noise, and Hurry all ! The thronged Street,
 The close-piled Warehouse, and the busy Shop ! 540
 With nimble Stroke the tinkling Hammers move ;

* " Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt

" In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum. VIRG.

While

While slow, and weighty the vast Sledge descends,
 In solemn Base responsive, or apart,
 Or socially conjoin'd in tuneful Peal.
 The rough * File grates ; yet useful is its Touch,
 As sharp Corrosives to the schirrous Flesh,
 Or, to the stubborn Temper, keen Rebuke.

How the coarse Metal brightens into Fame,
 Shap'd by their plastic Hands ! what Ornament !
 What various Use ! See there the glitt'ring Knife
 Of temper'd Edge ! The Scissars' double Shaft,
 Useless apart, in social Union join'd,
 Each aiding each ! Emblem how beautiful
 Of happy nuptial Leagues ! The Button round,
 Plain, or imboss'd, or bright with steely Rays !
 Or oblong Buckle, on the lacker'd Shoe,
 With polish'd Lustre, bending elegant

* " Tum ferri rigor, et argutæ lamina ferræ,

" Tum variæ venere artes, &c." VIRG.

Its shapely Rim. But how shall I recount
 The thronging Merchandise? From gaudy Signs,
 The litter'd Counter, and the Shew-glass trim, 560
 Seals, Rings, 'Twees, Bodkins, crowd into my Verse,
 * Too scanty to contain their num'rous Tribes.

NOR this alone thy Praise! With secret Art,
 Thy Sons a Compound form of various Grains,
 And to the Fire's dissolvent Pow'r commit
 The precious Mixture; oft, with sleepless Eye,
 Watching the doubtful Process, if perchance
 A purer Ore may bless their midnight Toil;
 Or wish'd Enamel clear, or sleek Japan
 Meet their impatient Sight. Nor skilful Stroke
 Is wanting of the Graver's pointed Steel;
 Nor artful Pencil, o'er the polish'd Plate
 Swift stealing, and with glowing Tints well-fraught.

* " Sed neque quam multæ species, nec nomina quæ sunt
 " Est numerus, neque enim numero comprehendere refert." VIRG.

Thine too, of graceful Form, the letter'd Type!
 The Friend of Learning, and the Poet's Pride!
 Without thee what avail his splendid Aims,
 And midnight Labours? Painful Drudgery!
 And pow'rless Effort! But that Thought of thee
 Imprints fresh Vigour on his panting Breast,
 As thou ere long shalt on his Work impress; 580
 And, with immortal Fame, his Praise repay.

HAIL, native *British* Ore! of thee possess'd,
 We envy not *GOLCONDA's* sparkling Mines,
 Nor thine *POROSI!* nor thy kindred Hills,
 Teeming with Gold. What? tho' in outward Form
 Less fair? not less thy Worth. To thee we owe
 More Riches than *Peruvian* Mines can yield,
 Or *MOTEZUMA's* crowded Magazines,
 And Palaces cou'd boast, though roof'd with Gold.

Splendid

Splendid Barbarity ! and rich Distress !
 Without the social Arts, and useful Toil ;
 That polish Life, and civilize the Mind !
 These are thy Gifts, which Gold can never buy.

THINE is the Praise to cultivate the Soil ;
 To bare its inmost Strata to the Sun ;
 To break, and meliorate the stiffen'd Clay,
 And, from its close Confinement, set at large
 Its vegetative Virtue. Thine it is
 The with'ring Hay, and ripen'd Grain to shear,
 And waft the joyous Harvest round the Land. 600

Go now, and see if, to the *Silver's* Edge,
 The reedy Stalk will yield its bearded Store,
 In weighty Sheafs. Or if the stubborn Marle,
 In sidelong Rows, with easy Force will rise
 Before the *Silver* Plowshare's glitt'ring Point.
 Or wou'd your gen'rous Horses tread more safe

On

On plated *Gold*? Your Wheels, with easier Gait,
 On *golden* Axles move? Then grateful own,
 BRITANNIA'S Sons! Heav'n's Providential Love,
 That gave you real Wealth, not Wealth in Shew,
 Whose Price in bare Imagination lies,
 And artificial Compact. Thankful ply
 Your Iron Arts, and all the World is yours.

* HAIL, native Ore! without thy pow'rful Aid,
 We still had liv'd in Hutts, with the green Sod,
 And broken Branches roof'd. Thine is the Plane,
 The Chissel thine; which shape the well-arch'd Dome,
 The graceful Portico; and sculptur'd Walls.

Wou'd ye your coarse, unsightly Mines exchange
 For *Mexiconian* Hills? to tread on Gold, 620
 As vulgar Sand? with naked Limbs, to brave
 The cold, bleak Air? to urge the tedious Chace,
 By painful Hunger stung, with artless Toil,

Thro'

Thro' gloomy Forests, where the sounding Axe,
 To the Sun's Beam, ne'er op'd the cheerful Glade,
 Nor Culture's healthful Face was ever seen?
 In squalid Hutts to lay your weary Limbs,
 Bleeding, and faint, and Strangers to the Bliss
 Of Home-felt Ease, which *British* Swains can earn,
 With a bare Spade; but ill alas! cou'd earn,
 Were it of Gold? Such the poor *Indian's* Lot!
 Who starves 'midst Gold, like Misers o'er their Bags;
 Not with like Guilt! Hail, native *British* Ore!
 For thine is Trade, that with its various Stores,
 Sails round the World, and visits ev'ry Clime,
 From NOVA ZEMBLA to th' ANTARTIC Pole;
 And makes the Treasures of each Clime her own,
 By gainful Commerce of her woolly Vests,
 Wrought by the spiky Comb; or steely Wares,
 From the coarse Mass, by stubborn Toil, refin'd.

640
Such

Such are thy peaceful Gifts ! And War to thee
 Its best Support, and brightest Horror owes,
 The glitt'ring Faulchion, and the thund'ring Tube !
 At whose tremendous Gleam, and volley'd Fire,
 Barbarian Kings fly from their useless Hoards,
 And yield them all to thy superior Pow'r.

Such are thy peaceful Gifts! And War to thee
 Its best Support, and brightest Honor owes,
 The glittering Pantheon, and the thundering Jubel
 At whose tremendous Omen, and volley'd Fire,
 Barbarian Kings fly from their native Hordes,
 And yield them all to thy superior Power.

EDG.

E D G E-H I L L.

B O O K IV.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FOURTH.

Evening Walk along the Hill to the N. E. Point. Scene from thence. DASSET-HILLS. FARNBOROUGH. WORMLEIGHTON. SHUCKBURG. LEAME and ICHENE. Places near those two Rivers. BENNONES, or HIGH-CROSS. FOSS-WAY. WATLING-STREET. Places of Note in that Neighbourhood briefly mentioned. Return. Panegyric on the Country. The Scene moralized. Tho' beautiful, yet transient. Change by Approach of Winter. Of Storms and Pestilential Seasons. Murrain. Rot amongst the Sheep. General Thoughts on the Vanity and Disorders of human Life. Battle of Edge-Hill. Reflections. Conclusion.



EDGE-HILL.

BOOK IV.

Humbly Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL TEMPLE.

IN purple Vestments clad, the temper'd Sky
 Invites us from our hospitable Roof,
 To taste her Influence mild; while to the West
 The jocund Sun his radiant Chariot drives,

With

With rapid Course, untir'd. Ye Nymphs, and Swains !
 Now quit the Shade, and, with recruited Strength,
 Along the yet untroden Terrace urge
 Your vig'rous Steps. With moderated Heat,
 And Ray oblique, the Sun shall not o'erpow'r,
 But kindly aid your yet unfinish'd Search.

Nor after sable Night, in Silence hush'd,
 More welcome is th' Approach of op'ning Morn,
 ' With Song of early Birds,' than the fresh Breeze
 Of soften'd Air succeeding sultry Heat,
 And the wild Tumult of the buzzing Day.

Nor think, tho' much is past, that nought remains,
 Or nought of Beauty, or attractive Worth,
 Save what the Morning-Sun, or Noon-tide Ray,
 Hath, with his rising Beam, distinctly mark'd,
 Or more confus'dly, with Meridian Blaze, 20
 Daz'ling display'd imperfect. Downward he
 Shall other Hills illumine opposite,

And

And other Vales as beauteous as the past;
 Suggesting to the Muse new Argument,
 And fresh Instruction for her closing Lay.

THERE DASSET's ridgy Mountain courts the Song.
 Scarce MALVERN boasts his adverse Boundary
 More graceful. Like the Tempest-driven Wave,
 Irregularly great, his bare Tops brave
 The Winds, and, on his Sides, the fat'ning Ox
 Crops the rich Verdure. When at HASTING's Field,
 The *Norman* Conqueror a Kingdom won
 In this fair Isle, and to another Race
 The *Saxon* Pow'r transferr'd; an Alien * Lord,
 Companion of his Toil! by sov'reign Grant,
 These airy Fields obtain'd. Now the tall Mount,
 By Claim more just, a nobler Master owns;
 To Tyrant Force, and slavish Laws a Foe.

* The Earl of MELLENT.

But happier Lands, near OUSE's reedy Banks,
 (What Leisure ardent Love of Public Weal 40
 Permits) his Care employ ; where Nature's Charms
 With learned Art combin'd ; the richest Domes,
 And fairest Lawns, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace
 Of Beauty, or magnificent Design,
 By COBHAM's Eye approv'd, or GRENVILLE plann'd,
 The Villas of Imperial *Rome* outvie ;
 And form a Scene of statelier Pomp—a STOWE.
Her Walls the living boast, *these* boast the dead,
 Beneath their Roof, in sacred Dust entomb'd.
 Lie light, O Earth ! on that illustrious Dame *,
 Who, from her own prolific Womb deriv'd,
 To people thy green Orb, successive saw
 Sev'n times an hundred Births. A goodlier Train !
 Than that, with which the *Patriarch* journey'd erst

* Dame HESTER TEMPLE, of whom this is recorded by FULLER, in
 his Account of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, and who lies buried, with many of
 that ancient Family, in the Parish-Church of BURTON-DASSET.

From

From PADAN-ARAM, to the *Mamrean* Plains:
 Or that more num'rous, which, with large Increase,
 At JOSEPH's Call, in wond'rous Caravans,
 Reviving Sight ! by Heav'n's Decree prepar'd,
 He led to GOSHEN, EGYPT's fruitful Soil.

WHERE, at yon' smooth-brow'd Hill's remotest Point, 60
 A tap'ring Column lifts its lofty Head,
 Her spacious Terrace, and surrounding Lawns,
 Deckt with no sparing Cost of planted Clump,
 Or ornamented Building, * FARNBOROUGH boasts.
 Hear they her Master's Call? in sturdy Troops,
 The jocund Labourers hie, and, at his Nod,
 A thousands Hands or smooth the flanting Hill,
 Or scoop new Channels for the gath'ring Flood,
 And, in his Pleasures, find a solid Joy.

NOR shall thy verdant Pastures be unfung
 † WORMLEIGHTON ! erst th' Abode of SPENSER's Race,

* The Seat of WILLIAM HOLBECH, Esq;

† An Estate, and antient Seat, belonging to the Right Hon. Earl SPENSER.

Their Title now ! What ? tho' in Height thou yield'st
 To DASSET, not in sweet Luxuriance
 Of fatning Herbage, or of rising Groves ;
 Beneath whose Shade the lusty Steers repose
 Their cumbrous Limbs, mixt with the woolly Tribes,
 And leisurely concoct their grassy Meal.

HER Wood-capt Summit * SHUCKBURGH there displays ;
 Nor fears Neglect, in her own Worth secure,
 And glorying in the Name her Master bears. 80
 Nor will her Scenes, with closer Eye, survey'd,
 Frustrate the Searcher's Toil, if steepy Hills,
 By frequent Chasms disjoin'd, and Glens profound,
 And broken Precipices, vast, and rude
 Delight the Sense ; or Nature's lesser Works,
 Tho' lesser, not less fair ! or native Stone,
 Or Fish, the little † Astroit's doubtful Race,

* The Seat of Sir CH. SHUCKBURGH, Bart.

† The Astroites, or Star-stones, found here.

For starry Rays, and pencil'd Shades admir'd!

Invite him to these Fields, their airy Bed.

WHERE LEAME and ICHENE own a kindred Rise,

And haste their neighb'ring Currents to unite,

New Hills arise, new Pastures green, and Fields

With other Harvests crown'd; with other Charms

Villas, and Towns with other Arts adorn'd.

There ICHINGTON its downward Structures views

In ICHENE's passing Wave, which, like the Mole,

Her subterraneous Journey long pursues,

Ere to the Sun she gives her lucid Stream.

Thy Villa, * LEAMINGTON! her Sister Nymph

In her fair Bosom shews; while, on her Banks, 100

As further she her liquid Course pursues,

Amidst surrounding Woods his antient Walls

† BIRB'RY conceals, and triumphs in the Shade.

* The Seat of Sir WILL. WHEELER, Bart.

† The Seat of Sir THEOPHILUS BIDDULPH, Bart.

NOT * BOURTON ! such thy Lot ! nor coily thou
 From Sight retirest, but, with cheerful Smile,
 Thy social Aspect courts the distant Eye,
 And views the distant Scene reciprocal,
 Delighting and delighted. Dusky Heaths
 Succeed, as oft to Mirth the gloomy Hour !
 Leading th' unfinish'd Search to thy fam'd Seat
 † BENNONES ! where two military Ways
 Athwart each other cross, Prætorian !
 Or Consular ! transverse from Sea to Sea,
 The Work of *Roman* Hands ! On either Side,
 Remote, or near, Hamlet, or Villa neat,
 Or populous Town the rural Toil, or Arts
 Of Industry, or Elegance, display,
 And animate the Scene. Such ATHERSTONE,
 POLESWORTH, or EATON's cloister'd Walls ! Such thine

* The Seat of JOHN SHUCKBURGH, Esq;

† A *Roman* Station, where the FOSS-ROAD and WATLING-STREET
 cross each other.

O TAMWORTH ! boasting ETHELFLEDA's Love, 120
 Thy castled Site, and TAME's Parental Stream !
 Such * MERIVAL ! with Meadows ever green.
 And † COLESHILL ! long, for momentary Date
 Of human Life, tho' for our Wishes short,
 Repose of DIGBY's honourable Age !
 Nor may the Muse, tho' on her homeward Way
 Intent, short Space refuse, his Alleys green,
 And decent Walls, with due Respect, to greet,
 On ‡ BLYTH's fair Stream, to whose laborious Toil
 She many a Lesson owes ; his painful Search
 Enjoying without Pain ; and, at her Ease,
 With equal Love of native Soil inspir'd,
 Singing, in measur'd Phrase, her Country's Fame.

* The Seat of the late EDWARD STRATFORD, Esq;

† The Seat of the late Right Hon. Lord DIGBY.

‡ BLYTHE-HALL, the Seat of Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, now belonging
 to ——— GUEST, Esq;

NOR can she pass unnotic'd AYLESFORD's * Dome,
 His Lake with Alders fring'd, and copious Stream,
 Shaping its stately Course, with winding Grace,
 Along the channell'd Lawn; while, to the View,
 Mem'ry recalls the sportive Prime of Life,
 When He, the Master of the beauteous Scene,
 Then GUERNSEY's youthful Lord! in the same Walls, 140
 The Principles of early Science drew;
 Destin'd to various Use—in him, by Birth,
 To Rank sublime, and legislative Pow'r,
 In me, to patient Toil of Charge obscure,
 Or artless Praises of the rural Scene.

AND fain she wou'd thro' other Alleys rove,
 Of other checker'd Lawns, and verdant Walks
 The Beauties tell—of * ARBURY's polish'd Scenes,

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of AYLESFORD, at PACKINGTON.

† The Seat of Sir ROGER NEWDIGATE, Bart. Member of Parliament for the University of OXFORD.

Rejoicing

Rejoicing in his Care, to whom, adorn'd
 With all the Graces which her Schools can teach,
 The gown'd Sons of Isis trust their own,
 And BRITAIN'S Weal—or thy *Patrician* Seat,
 * NEWNHAM! and † NEWBOLD! thine; Simplicity
 With Neatness join'd! or ‡ thine, whom ev'ry Muse
 With sweetest Notes, and chastest Thoughts inspir'd,
 O ADDISON! but of the waning Day
 Mindful, and many a Theme as yet un Sung,
 To future Bards she leaves your copious Praise.

As when, from JAVA'S Isle, or farthest IND,
 A freighted Ship her invoic'd Cargo takes, 160
 By some known Track her homeward Course she steers,
 Nor touches ev'ry Shore, but distant views
 Island, or Continent, tho' spicy Groves,

* The Seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of DENBIGH.

† The Seat of Sir FRANCIS SHIPWITH, Bart.

‡ BILTON, the Seat of the late Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON,
 Esquire.

Or

Or Pearls, or sparkling Gems, her Sails invite;
 So backward steers the Muse her airy Way,
 Nor thro' your finish'd Scenes at Leisure roves,
 Constrain'd, from Fame, or passiant View, to tell
 What Treasure happier Voyagers may find.

THrice happy Land ! whom Nature's partial Smile
 Hath robed profusely gay ! thy Champains wide
 With plenteous Harvests wave ; thy Pastures swarm
 With horned Tribes, or the Sheep's gentle Race ;
 Whose teeming Laps with wholesome Food supply
 The thronged Shambles ; while their woolly Vests,
 Or toughen'd Hides, innum'rous Hands employ,
 And, on their Labours, build a Nation's Weal.
 Nor destitute thy Woodland Scenes of Wealth,
 Or Sylvan Beauty ! there the Lordly Swain
 His scantier Field improves ; o'er his own Realms 180
 Supreme, at Will to sow his well-fenc'd Glebe,
 With Grain successive ; or with juicy Herbs,

To

To swell his milky Kine ; or feed, at Ease,
 His Flock in Pastures warm. His blazing Hearth,
 With copious Fewel heap'd, defies the Cold ;
 And Housewife-Arts or teize the tangled Wool,
 Or, from the Distaff's Hoard, the ductile Thread,
 With sportive Hand entice ; while to the Wheel
 The sprightly Carol join'd, or plaintive Song
 Diffuse, and artless sooths th' untutor'd Ear
 With Heart-felt Strains, and the slow Task beguiles,

NOR hath the Sun, with less propitious Ray,
 Shone on the Masters of the various Scene.

Witness the splendid Train ! illustrious Names,
 That claim Precedence on the Lists of Fame,
 Nor fear oblivious Time ! Enraptur'd Bards !
 Or dauntless Chiefs ! or Politicians wife,
 Antient or Modern ! gracing, with their Fame,
 Their native Soil, and my aspiring Verse.

My Verse ! which, guiltless or of Flattery,

200

T

Or

Or Censure, boasts that to their green Abodes
 It led the youthful Train, unequal far,
 Not unattentive to their high Renown.

SAY, now my dear Companions! for enough
 Hath surely to descriptive Song been giv'n;
 Say, shall we, e'er we part, with moral Eye,
 The Scene review, and close the long Survey
 With Observation grave, as sober Eve
 Hastes now to wrap in Shades the closing Day?
 Perhaps the moral Strain delights you not!
 Perhaps you blame the Muse's quick Retreat;
 Intent to wander still along the Plain,
 In Coverts cool, lull'd by the murm'ring Stream,
 And whisp'ring Breeze; while playful Fancy skims,
 With careless Wing, the Surfaces of Things:
 For deep Research too indolent, too light
 For grave Reflection. So the *Syren* Queen

Tempted

Tempted ALCIDES, on a flow'ry Plain,
 With am'rous Blandishment, and urg'd to waste
 His Prime inglorious: But fair VIRTUE's Form 220
 Rescued the yielding Youth, and fir'd his Breast
 To manly Toil, and Glory's well-earn'd Prize.
 O! in that dang'rous Season, O! beware
 Of Sloth, envenom'd Weed! and plant betimes
 The Seeds of Virtue in the tender Soil.
 Rear the just Sentiment, the wise Resolve
 Invig'rate, and their infant Blossoms guard:
 Then, like a Garden's cultivated Trees,
 Their Shoots shall flourish, and the musing Mind
 Shall banquet on their Fruits, when Youth is o'er;
 When, to the smiling Day, and mirthful Scene
 Night's solemn Gloom, cold Winter's chilling Blasts,
 And Pain, and Sickness, and old Age succeed.
 Nor slight your faithful Guide, my gentle Train!
 But, with a curious Eye, expatiate free

O'er Nature's moral Plan. Tho' dark the Theme,
 Tho' formidable to the sensual Mind ;
 Yet shall the Muse, with no fictitious Aid,
 Inspir'd, still guide you with her friendly Voice,
 And to each seeming Ill some greater Good 240
 Oppose, and calm your lab'ring Thoughts to rest.

NATURE herself bids us be serious,
 Bids us be wise ; and all her Works rebuke
 The ever-thoughtless, ever-titt'ring Tribe.
 What, tho' her lovely Hills, and Valleys smile
 To day, in Beauty drest ? yet, ere three Moons
 Renew their Orb, and to their Wane decline,
 Ere then the beauteous Landscape all will fade ;
 The genial Airs retire ; and shiv'ring Swains
 Shall, from the whiten'd Plain, and driving Storm,
 Avert the smarting Cheek, and humid Eye.

So some fair Maid to Time's devouring Rage
 Her Bloom resigns, and, with a faded Look,
 Disgusts her Paramour; unless thy Charms
 O Virtue! with more lasting Beauty grace
 Her lovelier Mind, and, thro' declining Age,
 Fair Deeds of Piety, and modest Worth,
 Still flourish, and endear her still the more.

Nor always lasts the Landscape's gay Attire
 Till furlly Winter, with his ruffian Blasts, 260
 Benumbs her Tribes, and dissipates her Charms.
 As Sickness oft the Virgin's early Bloom
 Spoils immature, preventing hoary Age,
 So Blasts and Mildews oft invade the Fields
 In all their Beauty, and their Summer's Pride.
 And oft the sudden Show'r, or sweeping * Storm

* "Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,

"Et fædam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris

"Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,

"Et pluviam ingenti sata læta, boumque labores

"Diluit."

VIRG.

O'er-

O'erflows the Meads, and to the miry Glebe
 Lays close the matted Grain; with awful Peal,
 While the loud Thunder shakes a guilty World,
 And forked Lightnings cleave the sultry Skies.

NOR does the verdant Mead, or bearded Field
 Alone the Rage of angry Skies sustain.
 Oftimes their Influence dire the bleating Flock,
 Or lowing Herd assails, and mocks the Force
 Of costly Med'cine, or attendant Care.

Such late the wrathful Pestilence, that seiz'd
 In Pastures far retir'd, or guarded Stalls,
 The dew-lap'd Race! with plaintive Lowings they,
 And heavy Eyes, confess'd the pois'nous Gale,
 And drank Infection in each Breath they drew. 280
 Quick thro' their Veins the burning Fever ran,
 And from their Nostrils stream'd the putrid Rheum
 Malignant; o'er their Limbs faint Languors crept,
 And Stupefaction, all their Senses bound.

In vain their Master, with officious Hand,
 From the pil'd Mow the sweetest Lock presents;
 Or anxiously prepares the tepid Draught
 Balsamic; they the proffer'd Dainty loath,
 And * Death exulting claims his destin'd Prey.

NOR seldom † Coughs, and watry Rheums afflict
 The woolly Tribes, and on their Vitals seize;
 Thinning their Folds; and, with their mangled Limbs,
 And tatter'd Fleeces, the averted Eye
 Disgusting, as the squeamish Traveller,
 With long-suspended Breath, hies o'er the Plain.
 And is their Lord, proud Man! more safe than they?
 More priviledg'd from the destroying Breath,
 That, thro' the secret Shade, in Darknefs walks,

* " Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
 " Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt." VIRG.

† " Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit ætherè turbo,
 " Quam multæ pecudum pestes, nec singula morbi
 " Corpora corripunt, sed tota æstiva repentè
 " Spemque, gregemque simul, cunctamque ab origine gentem." VIRG.

Or

Or smites whole Pastures in the Face of Day?

Ah! no, Death mark'd him from his infant Birth; 300

Mark'd for his own, and, with envenom'd Touch,

His vital Blood defil'd. Thro' all his Veins

The subtle Poison creeps; compounded joins

Its kindred Mass to his increasing Bulk;

And, to the Rage of angry Elements,

Betrays his Victim, poor, ill-fated Man;

Not surer born to live, than born to die!

In what a sad Variety of Forms

Clothes he his Messengers? Deliriums wild!

Inflated Dropsy! slow consuming Cough!

Jaundice, and Gout, and Stone; convulsive Spasms;

The shaking Head, and the contracted Limb;

And ling'ring Atrophy, and hoary Age;

And second Childhood, slack'ning ev'ry Nerve,

To Joy, to Reason, and to Duty dead!

I know thee, who thou art, Off-spring of Sin,

And Satan! nurs'd in Hell, and then let loose
 To range, with thy accursed Train, on Earth,
 When Man, apostate Man! by Satan's Wiles,
 From Life, from Bliss, from God, and Goodness fell! 320
 Who knows thee not? who feels thee not within,
 Plucking his Heart-Strings? whom hast thou not robb'd
 Of Parent, Wife, or Friend, as thou hast me?
 Glutting the Grave with ever-crowding Guests,
 And, with their Image, sad'ning ev'ry Scene,
 Less peopled with the living than the dead!

THRO' populous Streets the never-ceasing Bell
 Proclaims, with solemn Sound, the parting Breath;
 Nor seldom from the Village-Tow'r is heard
 The mournful Knell. Alike the grassy Ridge,
 With Ofiers bound, and vaulted Catacomb,
 His Spoils inclose. Alike the simple Stone,
 And Mausoleum proud, his Pow'r attest,
 In wretched Doggrel, or elab'rate Verse.

PERHAPS the Peasant's humble Obsequies;
 The flowing Sheet, and Pall of rusty Hue,
 Alarm you not. You flight the simple Throng ;
 And for the nodding Plumes, and scutcheon'd Herse,
 Your Tears reserve. Then mark, o'er yonder Plain,
 The grand Procession suited to your Taste. 340
 I mock you not. The fable Purfuivants
 Proclaim th' approaching State. Lo! now the Plumes!
 The nodding Plumes, and scutcheon'd Herse appear!
 And clad in mournful Weeds, a long sad Train
 Of slowly-moving Pomp, that waits on Death!
 Nay — yet another melancholy Train!
 Another Triumph of the ghastly Fiend
 Succeeds! 'Tis so. Perhaps ye have not heard
 The mournful Tale. Perhaps no Messenger
 Hath warn'd you to attend the solemn Deed!
 Then from the Muse the piteous Story learn ;
 And, with her, on the grave Procession wait,

That to their early Tomb, to mould'ring Dust
 Of Ancestors, that crowd the scanty Vault,
 Near which our Song began, * NORTHAMPTON bears,
 The gay NORTHAMPTON, and his beauteous † Bride!
 Far other Pageants in his youthful Breast
 He cherish'd, while, with delegated Trust,
 On stately Ceremonials, to the Shore,
 Where ADRIA'S Waves the Sea-girt City lave, 360
 He went; and, with him, join'd in recent Love,
 His blooming Bride, of BEAUFORT'S royal Line,
 The charming SOMERSET! But royal Blood,
 Nor Youth, nor Beauty, nor Employment high,
 Cou'd grant Protection from the rude Assault
 Of that Barbarian Death; who, without Form,
 To Courts and Cottages unbidden comes;
 And his unwelcome Embassy fulfils,

* The Right Hon. the Earl of NORTHAMPTON, who died on his Return from an Embassy to VENICE, while the Author was writing this Poem.

† The Right Hon. the Countess of NORTHAMPTON, Daughter to the Duke of BEAUFORT.

Without Distinction, to the lofty Peer,
 The graceful Bride, or Peasant's homely Race.
 Ere, from her native Soil, she saw the Sun
 Run half his annual Course, in *Latian* Climes,
 She breath'd her last; him, ere that Course was done,
 Death met returning on the *Gallic* Plains,
 And sent to join her yet unburied Dust :
 Who, but this youthful Pair's untimely Fate
 Must weep, who, but in theirs, may read their own?

ANOTHER Lesson seek ye, other Proof
 Of Vanity, and lamentable Woe
 Betiding Man? Another Scene to grace 380
 With Troops of Victims the terrific King,
 And humble wanton Folly's laughing Sons?
 The Muse shall from her faithful Memory
 A Tale select; a Tale big with the Fate
 Of Kings, and Heroes on this now fair Field
 Embattled! but her Song shall to your View
 Their

Their Ranks embodie, and, to future Peace,
 Their fierce Designs, and hostile Rage convert.

NOT on PHARSALIA's Plain a bolder Strife
 Was held, tho' twice with *Roman* Blood distain'd,
 Than when thy Subjects, first Imperial CHARLES!
 Dared, with uplifted Spears, their Cause to plead.
 Where the trench'd * Field informs th' observant Eye
 The *Roman* Legions pitch'd their martial Tents,
 Other CAMPANIAS green, and milder ALPS
 Exploring, now a nobler Warrior stood;
 No Alien, but his Country's rightful Liege!
 And round him firmly stood a gallant Train,
 Whom high Descent, and Emulation brave
 Of Ancestors, upon the Lifts of Fame 400
 Foremost enroll'd, or duteous Loyalty,
 With Love of regal Sway, and, thence deriv'd,

* A *Roman* Camp at WARMINGTON, on the Top of EDGE-HILL.

Their kindred Honours in his Cause engage;
 And prompt to gen'rous Deeds. Mean while, below,
 Another Band, diff'ring in Sentiment,
 But not in Blood, jealous of Kingly Pow'r,
 Of Popular Rights tenacious, boast no less
 Intrepid Courage, from a Source as fair
 Deriv'd, the sacred Love of Liberty.
 Dear Liberty ! when rightly understood,
 Prime social Blifs ! Oh ! may no Sons of Fraud
 Usurp thy Name, to veil their dark Designs
 Of vile Ambition, or licentious Rage !

LONG Time had they, with Charge of mutual Blame,
 And fierce Debate of Speech, discordant Minds
 Avow'd ; yet not till now to fatal Force
 Their Cause refer'd. Ah ! yet remains there not
 Some fitter Arbiter than this to save
 Your wretched Country ? Yet awhile forbear ! 420
 'Gainst whom your murth'rous Engines do ye raise,

And

And the broad Flag unfurl? No *Romans* now
 Seek in your distant World to plant the Bounds
 Of their wide Empire. No rapacious *Danes*
 Affail your wealthy Towns. Nor *Scot*, nor *Pict*,
 Nor *Gallic* Foes, your envied Isle invade.
 No Northern *Vandal*, with his vagrant Bands,
 Prepares to drive you from your native Seat.
 Whom threaten ye with those indignant Looks?
 And against whom your Weapons do ye draw?
 Are ye not Brethren? join'd in tender Bonds
 Of kindred Blood? in holy Faith allied?
 And Members of one social Family?
 And wou'd ye spill a Friend's, a Brother's Blood?
 Perhaps your brazen-throated Instruments
 Against a Father point the fiery Death.
 Perhaps —— alas! thy Counsel comes too late,
 Officious Muse! nor, had'st Thou * then been there,

* The Reverend Mr. TALBOT, of KINETON.

O TALBOT!

O TALBOT ! cou'd thy Voice, so often heard
 On heav'nly Themes ! nor * his fraternal ! skill'd 440
 In social Claims, the Limits to define
 Of Law, and Right, have calm'd their furious Rage,
 Or still'd the ratt'ling Thunder of the Field.

ACROSS the Plain, where the flight Eminence,
 And scatter'd Hedge-rows mark a midway Space
 To yonder † Town, once deem'd a royal Court ;
 Now harbouring no Friends to Royalty !
 The popular Troops th' embattled Host extend.
 High on the Hill, the royal Banners wave
 Their faithful Signals. Rang'd along the Steep,
 The glitt'ring Files, in burnish'd Armour clad,
 Reflect the downward Sun ; and, with its Gleam,
 The distant Crowds affright, who trembling wait
 For the dire Onset, and the dubious Fight.

* CH. HENRY TALBOT, Esq; of MARSTON.

† KINETON, alias KINGTON. So called, as some conjecture, from a Castle on a neighbouring Hill, said to have been a Palace belonging to K. JOHN.

As pent-up Waters, swell'd by sudden Rains,
 Their former Bounds disdain, and foam, and rage
 Impatient of Restraint; till, at some Breach,
 Outward they burst impetuous, and mock
 The Peasant's feeble Toil, which strives to check
 Their headlong Torrent; so the royal Troops, 460
 With martial Rage inflam'd, impatient wait
 The Trumpet's Summons. At its sprightly Call,
 Their airy Seat they leave, and down the Steep,
 Rank following Rank, like Wave succeeding Wave,
 Rush on the hostile Wings. The hostile Wings,
 Unable to sustain the furious Shock,
 Give Way, and soon their Safety seek in Flight.
 They, with augmented Force, and growing Rage,
 The flying Foe pursue, and strew the Field
 With mangled Carcases. But too secure!
 And deeming as of Vict'ry cheaply gain'd
 O'er dastard Minds, in wordy Quarrels bold,

But slack, by manly Deeds, t' enforce their Claim ;

In Chace, and Plunder long they waste the Day,

And late, of Order negligent, return.

Mean while the Center, by bold ESSEX led,

A cool, experienc'd Chief ! with the rough Shock

Unmov'd, amidst the royal Infantry,

In full Revenge, had op'd his bloody Way.

With Indignation fir'd, the *Monarch* saw

480

The fatal Rout, and, in his lofty Breast,

High Passions rose, by conscious Dignity

Sublimed, and swell'd with Impulse strong,

* Paternal. Longer cou'd he not contain

His mighty Rage, nor, for a Nation's Weal,

His Safety prize. Amidst the yielding Troops,

With winged Haste, he flies, he calls aloud,

* Prince CHARLES, afterwards King CHARLES II. and his Brother the Duke of YORK, afterwards King JAMES II. were then in the Field, the former being in the 13th, and the latter just enter'd into the 10th Year of his Age.

To rouse their sinking Valour, stays their Flight,
 Their broken Ranks reforms, reanimates
 To bold Revenge, assails the vaunting Foe,
 And, from his Hand, his short-liv'd Honour wrefts.

Now Death, with hasty Stride, stalks o'er the Field;
 Grimly exulting in the bloody Fray.
 Now on the crested Helm, or burnish'd Shield,
 He stamps new Horrors; now the levell'd Sword
 Tempers with keener Rage; with Iron-Hoof,
 Now tramples on th' expiring Ranks; or gores
 The foaming Steed against th' opposing Spear.
 But chiefly on the Cannon's brazen Orb
 He sits triumphant, and, with fatal Aim,
 Involves whole Squadrons in the sulph'rous Storm.
 Small were the Joy such Triumphs to relate!
 Or paint the tragic Deed—the human Face
 Divine with Scars intrench'd—or mangled Trunk,—

Or Limbs unseemly lop'd, and clotted Gore!

' And the Soul issuing thro' the purple Wound !'

YET may not be untold how * LINDSEY fell.

How, from the shelt'ring Straw, his dying Lips

Ceas'd not to plead his Sov'reign's flighted Cause,

Amidst furrounding Foes ; nor but with Life,

Expir'd his Loyalty. His valiant † Son

Attempts his Rescue, but attempts in vain !

And shares in equal Bonds a Father's Fate.

Then ‡ VERNEY too, with many a harness'd Knight,

And faithful Courtier, anxious for thy Weal,

Unhappy Prince ! but mindless of their own,

Pour'd out his Life upon th' ensanguin'd Plain,

And greatly perish'd by his Sov'reign's Side.

Then fell the gallant || STEWART, ** AUBIGNY,

* Earl of LINDSEY, the King's General.

† Lord WILLOUGHBY, Son to the Earl of LINDSEY.

‡ Sir EDMUND VERNEY, Standard-Bearer to the King.

|| Lord STEWART.

** Lord AUBIGNY, Son to the Duke of LENOX.

And

And * KINGSMILL ! he, whose Monumental Stone 520

Protects his neighb'ring Ashes, and his Fame.

Nor less the Number of the slaughter'd Foe ;

Tho' less their Dignity ! Darkness at length

Stop'd the fierce Carnage. But, disdaining both

To yield, or fly, with Cold, and Hunger pain'd,

In the bleak Field they pass'd the sleepless Night.

WHEN the flow Sun the Morning Light restor'd,

On either Side the Leaders of the War

Marshall'd their Bands, each ready to oppose,

But each unwilling to renew the Fight :

At length, in fullen Mood, with cautious Step,

They diff'rent Ways retire. As, when at Noon

Shook from their Poise, Clouds with opposing Clouds

In wild Encounter join, they rage and roar

With hideous Blust'ring, till the setting Sun

* Captain KINGSMILL, buried at RADWAY, whose Monument see at the End of the Poem.

Calms the rude Strife ; then, thro' the dreary Night,
 A solemn Silence reigns, save when is heard
 A hollow Murmur, or some sudden Gust,
 As of remaining Fury, ere the Morn
 Shews the sad Triumphs of the wastful Storm : 540
 Such was the Rage, and Fury of the War,
 The Midnight Stillness, and the Morning Scene.
 A Scene of human Ruins, Blood, and Death !

AGAIN, along the Hill the royal Flag
 Directs the *Monarch's* Course ; while ESSEX leads
 His Bands an adverse Way. From either Side,
 The distant Parties to their Standards press,
 And on their slaughter'd Friends a pitying Glance
 Bestow, congratulate the living, and applaud
 Their own Puissance. There, of Feature harsh,
 And with dissembled Haste, and feign'd Concern
 For luckless Absence in the glorious Toil,

Involuntary,

Involuntary, crafty * CROMWELL came.

Not such in After-times ! when prouder Aims,
And more exalted Rank, his Courage rais'd ;
And shew'd him foremost, as in deep Design,
And high Ambition, first in Danger too.

Now mark the Glories of the great Debate !
Yon' Grass-green Mount, where waves the planted Pine,
And whispers to the Winds the mournful Tale, 560
Contains them in its Monumental Mould ;
A slaughter'd Crew, promiscuous lodg'd below !
Still as the Plowman breaks the clotted Glebe,
He ever and anon some Trophy finds,

* DENZIL Lord HOLLIS says, that OLIVER CROMWELL was quartered with a Troop of Horse in a neighbouring Village, and came not into the Engagement, pretending that he could not find the Way into the Field of Battle, tho' the Ordnance was heard twenty or thirty Miles. And Sir WILL. DUGDALE, and ROGER MANLY, that he got to the Top of a neighbouring Steeple, and that when the Left Wing of the Parliament-Army was routed by Prince RUPERT, he slid down by the Bell-rope, and ran away with his Troop.

See RAPIN's and ECHARD's Hist. of ENGLAND.

The

The * Relicks of the War—or rusty Spear,
Or canker'd Ball; but, from Sepulchral Soil,
Cautious he turns aside the lifted Share,
Left haply, at its Touch, uncover'd Bones
Shou'd start to View, and blast his rural Toil.

SUCH were the Fruits of Passion, froward Will,
And unsubmitting Pride! Worse Storms than those
Of Elemental Rage, that waste our Fields.
Both Strangers to the blest Primeval State
Of Man! whatever reaf'ning Pride may dream
Of fancied Order in a World of Sin;
Or pre-existent Soul, and penal Doom
For Crimes unknown. Most wise, most duteous he!
Who, in his Breast oft pond'ring, and perplex
With endless Doubts, and Learning's fruitless Toil,

* " Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,
" Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
" Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,
" Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
" Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

VIRG.

His

His weary Mind at length reposes sure 580
 On Heav'n's attested Oracles. By Faith,
 His dread Creator honouring, to his Word
 Submits he bows, convinc'd, however weak
 His Reason the mysterious Plan to solve,
 That all he wills is right. So shuns he not,
 (Whatever dark, or strange confounds his Thought)
 Still to proclaim his Sov'reign wise, and good :
 To vindicate creative Excellence :
 On Hell's foul Monarch cast the Stain of Sin :
 And boldly, from its transient Reign, predict
 Glory divine, and everlasting Good.

No longer then a Slave to Fancy's Dreams !
 With Reverence I hail th' unerring Guide.
 To this submitting, Death, and all our Woe
 I scruple not to charge on one Man's Sin.
 In one acknowledge Life, and Bliss restor'd.
 A Theme so wond'rous far transcends my Thought.
 Far, far surpasses it Angelic Minds !

Y

Yet

Yet shall we doubt its 'Truth, tho' with a Beam,
 Bright as the Sun recorded, 'cause, alas ! 600
 Our finite Reason comprehends it not ?
 As well reject the little that we know
 Of earthly Things, because we know not all.
 No ! not presuming to arraign his Will,
 Or dictate to the only Wise *Supreme* !
 I take with Gratitude the proffer'd Gift,
 Sin's Antidote ! and will proclaim aloud
 The Grant divine ! a Cure for all our Griefs !
 O ! try its healing Power, ye Sons of EVE !
 So shall your weary Souls Refreshment find :
 Refreshment sweet ! from Sin's tyrannic Sway ;
 The Law's Arraignment, and the Sting of Death.
 So Truth again shall flourish in the Earth,
 And God his Dwelling fix with human Race.
 So Love thro' ev'ry Clime his gentle Reign
 Shall spread, and, at his Voice, discordant Realms
 Shall beat their Swords to Plowshares, and their Spears

To Pruning-Hooks, nor more learn murth'rous War.
 So shall these furrow'd Lands yield their Increase
 With Plenty, and our Vales with Herbage smile. 620

REMAINS their aught to crown the glorious Theme,
 Thus, by the Muse, from Fancy to the Heart
 Deduc'd? A Theme! which haply may invest
 Your homeward Way with Cogitations deep!
 'Tis this, unfading Joy, beyond the Reach
 Of Elemental Rage, and short-liv'd Time!
 This too is yours. A more transcendant Joy!
 Than mortal Eye hath seen, or Ear hath heard,
 Or languid Heart of Man can now conceive.
 A Joy to Faith's anticipating Sight
 In heav'nly Transcripts shewn, and firmly seal'd
 To loyal Hearts by Covenant divine.

So, from the Top of NEBO's lofty Mount
 The Patriot Leader of JEHOVAH's Sons
 Their promis'd Land survey'd; and, tho' denied

Its

Its transient Sweets to taste, in Emblem, shewn
 A better Rest, and happier Climes above;
 Cheer'd with the cordial Type, to mortal Scenes
 His Eyes he clos'd. Short Sleep! that wing'd his Soul
 To the bright Realms of never-closing Day. 640

THE END.

